Buffalo's own

punk magazine

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inside:

Blue Cheer –
an American tragedy

Hoyt Wilhelm –
man or myth

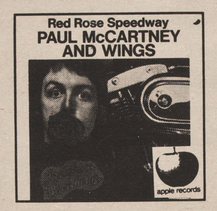
a dream date
with Wild Man Fischer

and more . . .

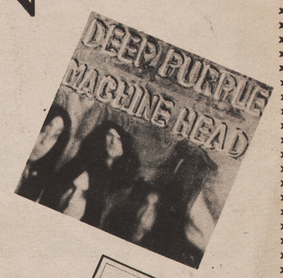
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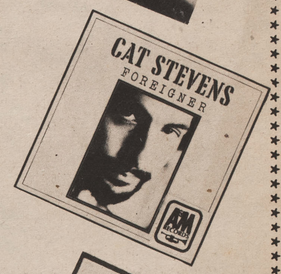




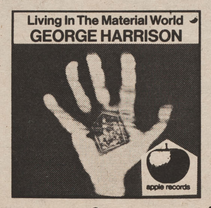


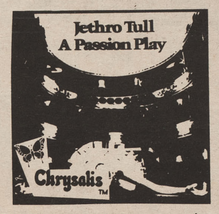


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editor's note:



Well, folks, they said it couldn't be done, and they were right. Nevertheless issue number 2 of *Punk Magazine* is now history. A lot has happened since we decided to enter the mag maze of Rockdome, I went to Memphis, Tenn. for a rock critic's convention and caught a cold, got a few mosquito bites here and there (ain't summer grand?), and found God in the Vanilla Fudge's second album, the story of which is documented in these pages. A lot of nice people said a lot of nice things about *Punk* number 1, and a lot of not so nice people asid a lot of not so nice things about it, and I guess that's the main reason why we're putting out another installment of the never ending "regression through media." Besides, if everybody thinks we're for real, who are we to argue? The aforementioned Memphis excursion afforded me the opportunity to meet most of the other losers that write about rock, hence the appearances by Lester Bangs, Mike Saunders, Scott Fischer and R. Meltzer (recently voted "critic most likely to get drunk") in addition to the usual brilliant social commentary by our small, useless staff. You will note that our sports section this issue is all about baseball, not only our very own national pastime but the most boring team sport next to dodge ball.

Just this week I found out that GNP Crescendo is re-releasing "Pushing Too Hard" by our cover kids from last issue the Seeds. So here's hoping that Blue Cheer's "Summertime Blues" gets the nod for another crack at the top ten. I mean if "Knights In White Satin" can make a comeback, why not Leigh Stephens?

punk magazine

Vol. 1, No. 2
30 July 1973



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RIGHT

WRONG



5 ERRORS CONTEST

CAST your orbs on this conglomeration of talent! They call themselves the Grateful Dead and they all hail from San Francisco. If, you'd like to give their sound a listen, you'll find their hit Warner Brothers single, "The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion" and their LP *The Grateful Dead* at your local record store. But wait a minute! Do you see what we see?

The left drawing is fine, but the right drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon on the left, tear along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest *Punk* magazine, 83 Sanford St., Buffalo, New York 14214.

To each of the first five readers who can correctly indentify all five errors, *punk* will award a copy of Joni Mitchell's "Turn Me On, I'm a Radio". All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and the Son of El Mono, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance!

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5 ERRORS CONTEST OCT. 1967

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Hempstead on a sitar-a-day

—Billy Altman

In 1968 I went to summer camp as a counselor and my co-child molester (you'd be amazed how much pleasure can come from making the lives of little brats miserable), name of Roger, brought his Farfisa organ and Custom amp to camp with him. We hooked a turntable up to the amp and spent most of July and August playin' the hits for all the folks in camp. I was in my psychedelic phase then, paisley all over the place, Byrds records playing continually in my head. Rog, on the other hand, was friends with a lot of Long Island creeps, so it was all Tommy James and the Vanilla Fudge for him. In fact he used to play "You Keep Me Hangin' On" right after revelle full blast to wake the kids up. And at night, he'd lull the little farts to sleep with "Bang Bang." Rest hour was my alotted DJ time, and I made all my 10 year olds learn the entire liberetto from *We're Only in it for the MOney* so we could sing "Who Needs the Peace Corps" for the parents on visitng day. Didn't net me too many tips, but I sure got my rocks off.

The owners liked me so much that they wouldn't let me sleep over for a night just before the Woodstock festival (the camp was 10 miles away). Course the only thing I enjoyed about Woodstock was when I went to Monticello and washed my sleeping bag in the



big 24 lb. washer at the laundromat. Also, the mayor of Monticello gave me a hard boiled egg that gave me gas, but how often do mayors give out hard boiled eggs to total strangers? Oh yeah, I also ate at Kaplan's the Monday afterwards and got filmed for the ABC Evening News who were there to do a story on how the Kaplan folks had rented 50 pairs of shoes so's the barefooted hippies could eat there without violating health code laws. I had my Cons so I didn't need 'em, but they filmed me anyway chowing down a pastrami sandwich.

Anyway, Roger (remember him) was trying all summer to get me to like the Fudge, but in 1968 I was into MUSIC, and I thought the Fudge were completely tasteless, boring and obnoxious. And now, in 1973, I love 'em for exactly those reasons. That's what's called growin' up. Roger went so far as to give me his copy of *The Beat Goes On*, which he thought was the greatest muscial venture ever concieved and executed by modern man. I listened to the album for the first time two years ago, put it in the closet to age, and have begun listening regularly for the last month. And boy, was Roger ever right! I've since managed to pick up all the Fudge's albums at bargain prices, and I was gonna write a magnum opus on all their records, but that would take all of this issue and the next two to come, I'm just going to concentrate on *The Beat Goes On* which is the definitive Vanilla Fudge album.

Only pennies a Serving

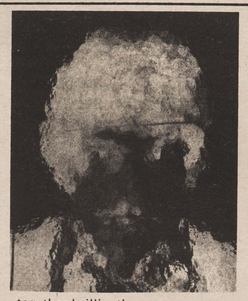
Shadow Morton directed the Fudge's sound on their first few albums, and the man that brought you all the Shangri La's classics ("Out in the Street" being the archtypal "if Spector can get away with it, why not me" move) reached his greatest heights of achievement with *The Beat Goes On*. They even put his picture on the album cover, and he had great sideburns in '68, so you can imagine how advanced he was, maybe he was Col. Morton's son or something exotic like that and that's why he was so cool. In any



event, Shadow is credited as producer And *Director*, and that's HEAVY.

The Fudge are listed as starring in this lp, and star they do folks. Mark Stein, master of the sweeping hand gestures, plays his heart out on the album and that's probably why he went bald and freaked out into the oblivion that was Boomerang, 'cause he knew deep down that he could never really follow this thing up. It's really Mark's album from the opening cord of "sketches," the opening track that puts deadheads like George Gershwin in their places. Mark kind of overtures the album in under three minutes, better than Blood Sweat and Tears' first album! When you listen a few hundred times, you realize that at least three notes from every cut on this album have been deftly integrated into the overture, a combination of no less than 24 separate and diverse musical emotions blended





together brilliantly.

After "Sketches," Shadow calls out in tremelo tones "PHASE ONE." The band launches into Sonny Bono's national anthem and we're swept into the mag nitudinal exploration of indeed all of Western civilization. Mark hovers over his Hammond, Tim Bogert parlays incredible runs from his Fender bass, Carmine Appice (who by the way studied drums formally for three years, hell even the liner notes here are historic) crashes his cymbals, and little Vinnie Martell, the shortest band member at 5'6", scorches his electric sitar like he was as tall as the rest of them.

From here, the boys plow through the greatest moments of the last three hundred years, starting with "Variations on a theme by Mozart: Divertimento No. 13 in F Major," and Mark shows that you don't have to come from Vienna to play those arpeggios if your heart's in the right place. From there to the 19th Century (it was a slow 100 from 1700-1800 if you think about it) and an acoustic rendition of "Old Black Joe," visions of Carmine returning to his loving mama's arms in Brooklyn dancing in your mind.

Into Luddie's void

Time IS of the exxence and since most of us were born in this century, the rest of PHASE ONE centers on the 1900's, and what a slection! "Don't Fence Me In," "Twelfth Street Rag," "In the Mood" (Mark doing a clarinet solo on his organ), "Hound Dog," and a Beatles medley of "I Want to Hold your Hand," "I Feel Fine," "Day Tripper," and "She Loves You." And all this in less than five minutes — who needs school when sages like these walk the earth, I ask you.

Shadow comes back with "PHASE TWO" and believe me, you have not heard nothin' till you get a taste of Beethoven's "Fur Elise and Moonlight Sonata" done up Fudge style. Keith Emerson and those foreigners from Focus can go suck moose tits if they think they play the classics rock style. Mark Stein makes you shudder, whimper, smile, cry and moan as he gets to the root of Luddie's psyche with his flying fingers. More energy rises and falls than eighteen hours of Jerry Gracia or John McLockloo. "The Beat" comes back for a minute, and side one is over (Where is my Mind!!??!)

God, side two's even heavier, if you can imagine that. PHASE THREE is a a melange of "Voices in Time" with cameos by Neville Chamberlain, Winnie Churchil (Chick's great uncle), FDR, JFK, Harry Truman, and many, many more, all great men only too happy to help the Fudge make history. It makes the Beatle's "Revolution No. 9" sound like a John Cage outake.

PHASE FOUR: Mother Mary, I can see the sky opening in the final moments of this record. Backed by a cocktail cover of the theme from Jane Fonda's immortal film "The Game is Over," each of the four Fudgicles does his thing before the



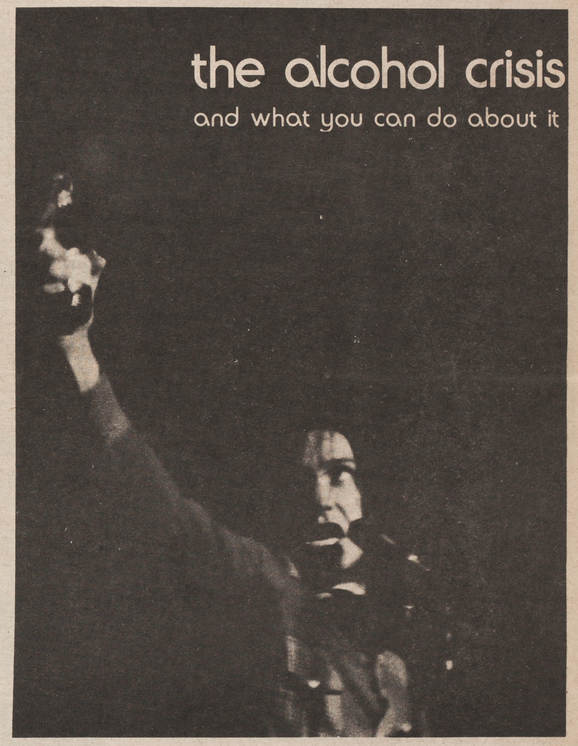
microphones of posterity. Vinnie plays sitar and speaks of love and flowers (bless his heart), Tim gets interviewed by Shadow (S: "How about trips?" T: "Well, for 15 cents you can take one on the subway, I think it's 20 cents now." S: "Ice Cream?" T: "I like ice cream") SUCH INSIGHTS, SUCH REVELATIONS on a simple piece of plastic! Carmine tells Shadow to keep the tape rolling on the instrumental track: "I don't talk too good, I'll play my drum" and that he does, Mr. Rich and Mr. Baker.

Mark is given the last spot and do you know what this god fearing man does? *HE READS FROM THE FUCKING BIBLE!* and what passages does he read? Moses going up on the mountain to join God, that's what. Sacrifice, piety, loyality. That's what it's all about, Mark is saying, and only a man with a heart of granite will not succumb to this plea for love among all men. I find myself on the verge of tears when Mark says "and Moses was 120 years ole when he died" in his quivering falsetto. "The Beat" theme enters for a few seconds and in a glorious crescendo, it's all over.

I feel drained, sweaty, excited, uplifted, sad, exuberant, invigorated, alive. I am one with the universe. And every night before I go to bed, I bow towards Hempstead, where all this went down, in my humble lifetime.

the alcohol crisis

and what you can do about it



–Lester Bangs

Ever since Allen Ginsberg first went to India way back in 1961 and brought home some *ghee* for his village cronies to toke up their gullets, every pluguglie proto-Bohemian and high school hiplet in what some nameless wretch who oughta be shot later called the Counter Culture has known that one of the passgo tenets of slanteye &/or rupee religiobfuscation is that the whole clot-ridded Universal Pie is just one big circle that spins round 'n' round like a squirrel cage for infinity, at least till the more tenderfooted thumbtrippers get motion sickness and have to fall outa the elektrik kool–pop bus at 43rd and Lexington for some Dramamine or at least a park-bench respite from all this endless little wheel–turn–turn–turnin'–round–in–the–circle–game, of seasons and phases and styles and fads and fashions and fandoms and fuckmodes and fondues and fondles and which slatepate oracle knows what else?

Get me? You don't have to smoke very mmuch *boo* (as us bongo-boppin' beret–hoppin' Holy Barbarian beatnix used to hiss whenever Lawrence Lipton was around) or be Jerry Garcia to know that the earth ain't flat, that linear thinking was dead as a mange–dog's dug with or without Salaam the Sham McLuhan, that, as the liner notes to the first Thirteenth Floor Elevators album said in 1967, mankind has awakened to the fact that knowledge should be stored and organized, not *vertically* (which tends to pile up, pressing down on the poor beleaguered brain cells which are already overworked and insulted past all Neal Cassidy records, creating cranial cramps anong other distempters), but *horizontally* (which actually doesn't mean anything but mottled mucous as plain verbiage but suggests a whole lotta easy riding openended capacity for infinite conceptual rolling and tumbling striaght out to Aldebaran or at least Tokyo as the gull flies). The *whoe fucking broth and brouhaha is round* as your head as a pill as a spare change quarter as the sun and/or moon as a viper with its ass in its mouth, so 'stead gettin' het up and tryin' to steer the fucker (history, that is) all Appolonian and uncalled-for you might as well kick back and cruise with the cosmic beelbouy bobble, 'cause YOUR TIME IS GONNA COME! No matter what kinda declasse cretin nebbish loser you are. In fact, it's gonna come and come and come again, around and around in swooning paradiddles of gutquese for your whole fucking life till you can't stand it no more and beg for an END to thy day in the sun!

When that fryingpan day arrives, of course, there are various avenues open to friends come 'round and tell you with snickers the next day! Booze is the Champagne (see, even the lingua franca vernacular reflects its supremacy) of drugtrips because all of the others predicated on total deadassed boredom (smack, downs) or compulsive inhuman nofun hysteria (ups) or just plain waxy-walled stilt-tilting confusion and getlost dragginess (acid and all that gunk), whereas as any luch can and will tell you till you're blue in the balls from hieing yr hide all over town to escape the creep, booze is first and foremost about CONVIVIALITY, about GOOD CHEER. About friendly strangers 'steada strange friends.

But lotsa poor folk got sidetracked and sold a bill o' goods somewhere along the scuppernong. What happened, see, is that the government knew that if all the kids started drinking as much as their parents did, they'd explode from umteen years of permissive instant breakfast wah-wah coddling and get so far outa hand there'd be no constraining 'em and the empire'd fall. So craftily them pigs in the power structure broadcast this big double reverse hype about how *far out* and *right on* and *righteous* and *cool* and *outlawlike* it was to sit around honking on that ugly weed, and just like the stupedupes they all and sundry kinder bought it lock stock and roachclip ultimately eventuating in such vast plasoid pinktoes Disneylands of the New Zilchdom as *Rolling STone* Cheech & Chong, *The Nicholas Johnson Show*, etc.

And while all this brainwashing was going down, the brothers and sisters were so far zombatized by Oink Central they were actually going round running down the true Sacrement, saying things like "No man, I DON'T DRINK." In 1967, at least. They were preety adamantly conspicuous about their weed and pill consumption then, and some of them highdyed heydey melee hippie holdovers are still honking on the same wrung out line. Like John Sinclair's Rainbow People's Party (nee Trans/Love and White Panthers) of Ann Arbor, Michigan ain't officially anti-booze (fact once when I stayed there I went out and bought a six pack of Hamms, stuck it in the fridge AND DAMNED IT EVERY CAN WASN'T COPPED AND GLUGGED AWAY BY THEM FORK GUEIN' HIPPIES WHEN I CAME BACK JUST 15 MINUTES LATER!), but they require everybody in the org to toke down at regular intervals daily and all day, and one day when I laid the hootch gospel on Big Brother John S. himself, he just wistled: "Wellllll, I like to drink a little *wine* once in awhile . . ." As just some incidental minor sup garnish, you see, side dish to his tokin' staple which's with acid seemingly the only fuel that keeps him and his brudders 'n' sistahs yippin' in their particular brand of the Revolution. Like there's even this jazzbo album ny Gary Bartz and the NTU Troupe, where after fiddefugling around with the usual avantso-blats for an hour or so, these hip radical Harlem jazz vangarters all citizens of this great national by which you may relieve yourself of the existcilled psychopasetic ague mottling our times. You can get a blunderbuss and blow your fool head off. You can slit your wrists with a steak knife. You can gobble a whole vial o' reds or some other "Duuhhh" potion and pretend you're in *Valley of the Dolls* while you ooze out the door on a kleenex pyre. You can shoot somebody *else* and go to the chair or the bughouse where they'll give you elektrashock and none of it'll matter anyway. You can jumb in front of a speeding TAC squad oinkmobile. You can start hanging out with all the Junior Woodchuck William Burroughses on your block, pick up a jones and sift yer bones anway. You could even try setting your hair on fire.

Or, you could drink.

It's All Dental Floss

Drinking's probably the best tack to tromp for instant oblivion too, becuz' it's safer'n any o' those other woolies I rostered. You can combe back – head hammering and tics akickin' maybe, but back for shore – to suffer and woof and drink again. You may even find a whole new lease in life style in this simple little infantile sucky ducky expedient.

But all that's dental floss. You already know the yous and medicinal lifelines to be found in the jug, because the creako roundelay of that big ol' asshole circle previously mentioned that's still grinning smug as a smile button cross all your horizons, that bozo's done turned the old mill cycle full suckle from the alcohol cuture favored by our daddies, to the *dope* (boo!) culture of the last half of the sixties which sidetracked everybody into whole snotvats of wastrel bullshit for awhile there, FINALLY rerouting us all back to THE RENAISSANCE OF BOOZE!

Marijuana's just a scam invented by the government to distract the youth culture from its true goal and destiny: the trashing of all logic and recognised authority by unruly boozebubs bibin' back Busch Bavarian beer (which has just now finally hit the Midwest, thank Gawd) and bugalooin' on the bopskop bonlo beanies of all the old brownosin' deadwood still cluttering up the planet waiting to die! Booze is the *true* revolution, because on booze you'll do anything! Booze makes mincing milktoast minnies into rasty roaring rauncho honchos! They get thei asses tomped in the end just the same anyway, but at least it gives 'em a few seconds of holiday in birdland afore the knucks come dizbustin' in! Booze destroys all standards, pieties, respect, social mores. It cuts across all social boundaries (just tie a buncha hardhats to a buncha college creeps, hand 'em all a coupla cases of beer and see which wins out: their prejudicial pissantsinthepants grunge or their *thirst*!), it don't care about nothin' but gooseloose moosejawin', no-beg leg and tit snatchin', bongo congo prongo bedspring boxcar broaching, or if all else fails plowing the old hammock porterhouse hunky fistix into the nearest weasel's pasty mug! Booze is the apotheosis of the avantgarde, because booze is totally random! Booze is the last word in fun and entertainment because you never know what kind of fool you're going to make out of yourself until your discipolios. Don't forget the oppression endured by the juice favorin' brethren back in the dark days before mass enlightenment hit III Camps. Never sniff or snicker at the plight of the poor brother browbeaten into utter bozo buffoondom by his highstruttin' cocksure jiveass dopesmokin' "pals" who'd been sold THE BIG LIE and were gullible enough to take it on down!

And mark, O my toothless vinvarnished blackpupiled snakeeyed tictwitchin skidrow brethren, what changes have befallen the surrounding environs since last you may have raised your bromo buzzing head from the gutter or your ranksleeved arms long enough to take a look around you for anything but the nearest potable goblet of succor and sine qua nons exurbo infinitum.

What you will see has happened right under our very snoots is that damned if the mange–grazin' mungbung hippies hain't lay out the whole depressing retrograde sadly benighted message in the lyrics: "Fight the Revolution first/ Drink the wine later!"

Seesh! How ya ever gonna get the wine drunk! The Revolution just seems to maltomeal on and on, and the harder a hogoid pushes 'n' grunts in pursuit of dat New Jeruslaem, seem like the less peisure time protocol and procolharum parleys allow him to jest easy back and rock off for a juglug break.

So fuck all the movement masticata (gives ya warts anway) mediatin' marjoe mugwamp shit, and fuck the big MJ that stands for bugchewed leafs too, it's time to GET DOWN TO IT!! Grab your fave grape or hop or gutrocker redeye and let's hit the Andromeda locomotiviking highway! Let's get drunk! And BE somebody! Could by anybody! James Taylor! Muhammed Ali! Malcolm Muggeridge! Arthur Kleps! Arthur Bremer! Arthur Treacher! Jay North! Whatever's your pleasure!

But don't forget your history,

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Roger McGuinn's Side Of The BYRDS

ALICE COOPER'S ALCOHOL COOKBOOK AND TIMETABLE FOR WORLD CONQUEST

SLADE Mouth OFF!

Reader Poll Results
PUNK OF THE YEAR!
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come a–pilgrimin' en mastoid outa their murky candleflicker dope dens to tromp down our Ponderesa fences and start approriatin' our sacrament and stengin as iffen it was always their rightful preserve from BC on! All of a sudden IT'S COOL FOOL'S AID DE RIGEUR FASHIONAPEX TO MAKE A SPECIAL POINT OF GETTING JUICED OUTA YOUR SKULL OR AT LEAST BRAG ABOUT IT A LOT!

Exhibit A: In the past year, I have attended 337 press parties held by various record companies to hype rockritix on their latest multifigure signee crock of garbanzo scunge, and AT EVERY ONE OF THESE PARTIES ALCOHOL WAS SERVED! They even tried to softsoap con–cop us into a submissive lull by seeing that the bars were well stocked with every major type of lush that gushes and even *encouraging us* as if they could possible have a vital interest in our enlightenment! "Go ahead," they'd croon, "aren:tcha gonna have another drink? After all, it's all free, all on Daddy Elektra/Atlantic/Columbia/RCA/Double Shirt, *heh heh heh* . . . boy, am i blasted toinght myself, I gotta cool it or go back to something safe like cocaine, HA HA HA HA HA . . .!

Exhibit B: The heroes, leaders and style setters of thecounter culture have all changed from druggies like Timothy Leary, Jerry Rubin and even William Burroughts, to ALCOHOLICS! What else are we to make of such phenomena as Alice Cooper (who claims to drink a case of beer a day), Rod Stewart (who has created a minor fad for guzzling brandy and cognac among obviously unappreciative pubes on both sides of the Atlantic), even yesterday's drugbustees, the venerable spped–and–weed abusin' ROLLING STONES (fuck all this Tequila Sunrise shit, the next one of my friends who tries to bluff cool when he's with me by walking into some fuckin airport bar and humming "Oh, I think a Tequila Sunrise, please" is no longer my friend! Most of the dipshits don't even know what goes in the damn things, in spite of the fact that they always insist on giving their recipe to the barmaid! Bah!)! Yeah, it's a conspiracy all right, and I hate to think who must really be behind it. Not even Nixon, somebody much more sinister . . . like *Jac Holzman* maybe . . .

Exhibit C: Lissen, when's the last time you attended a pot party? That's right, you're strainin' your branin becuz they just don't give 'em any more! Anachronism! Same goes for acid bashes, speed runs, smack–ins (real big when I was in college), glue–gropes, Romilar powwows . . . all gone the way of the dodo: *kfweet!* And do you wanna know *why?* Because people are too busy gettin' drunk! Everybody! Even Charles Reich and Baba Ram Dass! Every last schnozzball left over from the Raising of the Pentagon! Ed Sander's an old alkie, been one for years: everybody thinks he's the king of the potsmoking hippies, kak, that's sen–sen, he got such a juicer monkey on the only reason he even wrote *The Family* was to pick up some quick easy cash to help support his family while he tips up one bottle after another year in and day out! That's the literal true fax! I once ran into Ed Sanders at a party in New York, it was like the collision of two alkie cultures in an atmosphere of resonant anticongeniality as befits some terminal feedback sixties countercultural sundown such as obtained than and fore and aft at the Village apt of John Wilcock, he of *Other Scenes* and divers scams. It was late last year, I was on my way back from England where I'd been drunk the whole week I was there becuz that country's so boring there's nothing else for those limeys to do but beat it down to the pub and plow their prefrontals under. So now I'd been drinking for three days in New York, starting with Scotch on the plane, then three days of Scotch and beer at Nick Tosches' and Richard Meltzer's capped by my ingestion for no reason whatsoever of some acid Tosches had laying around. So now here I was uninvited and disruptive at this party, stoned on acid and drunker than that even. When I walked in I knew something was funny becuz I saw these two chicks I was sure was hookers (later Meltzer told me one of 'em was Wilcock's wife); I don't know why I thought that, but I was positive of it. I kept ogling their legs and trendy decolletege till I swiveled skull and saw Wilcock curled up on a couch in the corner like a fishworm with the voice of Truman Caponte squeezing out his yap like Pepsodent. He was talking about Timothy Leary, so I said, "Ahh, Timothy Leary's an asshole. He's a idiot. He blew his brains out with acid a long time ago."

So Wilcock cocks his finger metronoming in the air: "You know, people were sayingthat in 1966."

Yeah, IT WAS TRUE THEN AND IT'S TRUE NOW!"

Since I had offended everybody in that room by that time, I walked into the kitchen, where I began yanking beers outa the icebox and tossing 'em down fast as wrist and elbow cogs could spin. That's where I ran into Ed Sanders, and the first thing I said to him, without even introducting myself, was "How does it feel to be an alkie in the counter culture?!!

I meant it entirely friendly, brother to brother, but he took it all wrong. He bristled and huffed: "I'm *not* an alkie and I'm *not* in the counter–culture!"

And his wife or girlfriend or whatever is standing there, and she siz: "You said the *wroooooooooong* thing!"

Bullshit! I did not! It's just all these Sixties drug culture holdovers got no real sense of humor! Not like a good real live alcohockey pucher! They're all washed up arth–ripoff barnacles!

Society's Goin To Orange County

And what bothers me the most is that the purity and goodtimes of our yipup boozo culture is being sullied and eviscerated by this type of individual. They come traipsing in, dragging all their *standards* and *meanings* and *moral concerns* with 'em, and destroy what was best in no man's land. I.E., that even though the potso whatso culture was jest as rife as the Straight Cultuh it pretended to uproot with pieties of every stripe – just try to talk to one o' these fuckin granola–grunchin' Mr. Green Jeans bogus Buzby's about fuckin' *ecology* sometime, and check out how *seriously* the fool takes it, how solemnly he intones some fuckin rote writ he got outa one of Jann Wenner's submerged tentacular rags! You won't believe it! I mean who in the livid world possibly gives a fuckin shit!! – in spite of the Hip Dips' miredom in all such dinosaur proclivities and prostheses, the once and seemed–forever blessing of the booze kultah was that NOBODY HAD ANY PIETIES WHATSOEVER. At least not on my block. We all just wanted to get juiced and be obnoxious. We didn't care if society was going to Orange County in a hackensack, so long's we could finagle another buck for another fifth of Gallo Port! TV was all the world reality we craved! But now it's all ruined! Gettin to where you can't tell a brother from a nark doper posing shifty as a true juicehead!

Like just take a look at this phenomenon of, yech, "yough bars." If you can stand to, that is. They're all designed to grab the frats 'n' footloose fillies, as well as a goodly pawfulla hupmobile halfhitch hippies weekending in their headbands. They suck rat mung, and even though they're better'n most places to pick up a bab or even lay 'er up gainst the wall if the join'ts loose as some I've been to in CAnada, in spite of the sexual proximity and prodigeous pairing–off, these places are mere chancres on the bongo bung of the real American skullblast scene. Because it's all institutionalised, y'see, with phony nameless (or better off unnmaed) rock bands to do the post–acidative Frug to, pizzas and burgers at outrageous prices, beer watered down to the level of baby albino piss cuz the bald fat old bastards what run'em figger these kids won't knowthe diff anyway, AND THE TRAGEDY IS MOST OF 'EM DON'T. Maybe they pander to some passe pimple pockets by throwing a few posters of Dyland and Racquel Welch up on the walls, they get some speedfreak to paint the place up all garish shockin dayglo uglipuss orange and purple like some 1966 nitemare, then they sprinkle glitter shit all over that, then they open the doors and pack in the punks and poons, punctuating the whole sorry shebang with occasional dope raids just to keep things interesting. They cater to the "youth murket" by stocking plenny o' Boone's Farm Apple Wine, and believe it or not I've even heard tell of some of these places where they actually serve *cotton candy!* But anyway they all roll over and gum the scurftwat, and you'd do better to head out to the junction and drink with the farmers. At least they weren't BORN YESTERDAY!

Meanwhile, ever poor sap and his brother thinks he's Alice Cooper. Alice has a nice boozy image, so ever party ya go to there's some longhair there slouching around with a gootnature smirk on his mug, pretending he's casual cool ol' Alice. Blah! I have also met dozens too many washed up wastedome broads hanging out in the dressing rooms of clubs like Funky Quarters, coming on to swinebands like Dr. Hook and boring you for hours with drool drawl about how they're the NEXT JANIS JOPLIN. Every goddam one's gotta bottle fulla 15 different kinda pills in her purse that she hands out to everybody, and a big bottle of Southern Comfort in her mitt that she keeps swigging away in bold lust pirate devil–may–care goodbye–janis flourishes of flamboyant selfdecadodestruction. Boo!

It ain't just that us real drinkers used to have something to be smug about, a clut like the Pretty Things, but that people are putting booze to the same bouge–ass uses they subjected marijuana and all that other stuff. It's a sin and a shame, and I really see neither answer nor end in sight. Therefore, I will deal with the crisis directly and in the most expeitious manner possible, according to all the ancient traditions: I WILL GET FLATASS DRUNK ON MY BULBNOSE AND GO OUT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! I trust things in general and specific and inbetween as well as all the ships at sea should be vastly improved in no time.

* * *

P.S. I forgot to mention that if W.C. Fields were alive today, he'd *Turn over in his grave* not only at all those jiveass commercials they've got him festered in, but shed tears big as golfballs to see the shambles that has been made of the joy that was drinking, the glory that was coma, the grandeur that was puking up a quart of Tequila on your copy of *Transformer* at three o'clock in the morning and riving your girlfriend home 30 miles on the wrong side of the street all the way.

THE BRONX HIGH SCHOOL
OF SCIENCE
75 West 205th Street
Bronx, N. Y. 10468

REPORT CARD

Salant, Norman
Pupil's Family Name, Given Name

2-13 | 205 | 6/69
Off. Class | Room | Year Ending

Mrs. Ruderman
Grade Guide

Dr. Alexander Taffel
Principal

Norman Salant
Name (Write)
Off. Cl. 2-13 Room 205

FIRST REPORT Teacher's Signature	Rating	MID-YEAR REPORT Mid-Year or Final Marks	Regents Mark	Subject Class	SUBJECT	Subject Class	THIRD REPORT Teacher's Signature	Rating	FINAL REPORT Final Mark	Regents Mark
S		93		314	ENGLISH	414	B Addison	E/S	95	
T		80		316	SOCIAL STUDIES	416	E. Morrison	G/S	80	
R		75		392	BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE	492	Miceli	VG/S	85	96
		80		318	MATHEMATICS	418	D Kaplan	E/S	95	
I					CHEMISTRY PHYSICS					
		75		551	LANGUAGE FR.	651	C Ambrose	G/S	91	82
E		85		393	~~ART~~ M. D.	493	Kaplan	VG/S	88	
		-4?							-4	
E		80.6							89.2	
					MUSIC					
K		90		307	HEALTH EDUCATION ~~EXAMINE~~	407	M. Elkin	G/S	85	
E				2-13	OFFICIAL CLASS			S	S	
Days Absent		7			SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN		Days Absent	8	20	
Times Late		1					Times Late	2	2	

SUBJECT RATINGS
First Report and Third Report ratings are designated by the notations below. Their numerical equivalents are given in parenthesis.

Excellent ..... (90 — 100) Passing ..... (65 — 69)
Very Good ... (80 — 89) Failing ..... (Below 65)
Good ..... (70 — 79) Absent .....(Insufficient Attendance)

Mid-year and Final ratings are given in numerical marks. "D" or below 65 indicates failure.

First Report: Mrs. Ruderman
Mid-Year Report:
Third Report: Esther Salant

CHARACTER RATINGS
Character ratings are noted by all subject teachers and the official class teacher. These ratings, when given, are added to the subject ratings using the following code:

E — Excellent
S — Satisfactory
N — Needs Improvement

3-13
New Off. Class

005
New Off. Room

—Norman Salant

Ahhhh grease. There's a good synonym. Take the grease out of punk and you've got pink cadillacs. Soap? Nevuh hoid a de woid. Lasso? Got nothing to do with the buccaneers so screw it. Where is Freezeville? Backdoor to a sewage plant and I always liked the bottle better than the soda inside. Has somethin ta do wit phylactics — RAMPANT SEXISM (parochial catechism) Burger King and Dairy Queen is never Burger Queen and Dairy King cause dairy ain't fruit and they can have all the dairies' long as they leave the journals to the machismo-machos. Only trouble is machos can't write in pencil cause they keep breakin the points even with a number one, and if they use a three or even a four and maybe a *five* (graphite melodica) the lines come out too thick and with crayons they make too much noise everytime they lift it up cause the wax sticks to the paper and an "O" will never fit between the lines and crayons always break on the periods which leaves pens but they always rip the paper so machos grow up to be pyromaniacs cause they gotta do *something* cause cause cause they make good studs and highway patrolmen — that's why it always takes so long to write out the tickets. They're not trying to hassle ya, they just have a little trouble with their hands once they take them outta the pocket.

So keep off the roads.

The danger is that they go out in the woods to practice karate on the trees though you never have to worry about firewood, just Smokey the Bear friend of the Machioavellian Choppers and if it wasn't for forest fires they'd have been married by now — they dig marriages almost as much as funerals but not nearly as much as second-rate boxers and public schools always scare them to death . . . . . I don't know.

Why they hardly ever kill teachers, they deserve it, only place they get killed is NYC and that's because of poverty programs and authoritarianism: autonomous fascism, never from machismo benefits and it's too fuckin bad cause if there's one thing everybody needs it's a corps of macho teacher-killers to balance the power, man would I have loved to direct that outfit, right to P.S. Fascism and blow the whole fuckin place to SMITHEREENS! just to show them to come out to show them to come out to show dem t'showdem yeah.

It's a system

In high school the parents were so scared for security they not only put guards at all the doors but a system of identification was set up. Everybody had to have ID cards and carry them around with their pictures on them and show them every time some prick teacher got uptight or felt like flexing a magic bureaucratic muscle. There used to be just program cards but everybody forged fake names and fake schedules so it would always look like you had a free period if you got asked, so when I saw that everyone was going along with the ID card thing me and my friends got pissed. When they took by picture I kept giving them the finger so they wouldn't take it and then everyone on line got annoyed that I was taking so long so I let them take it and when they weren't looking I ripped it up (it was a crummy picture) and snuck out — ain't nobody gonna make me prove who I am cause I don't need no help at it, specially from you. And then we took our program cards and wrote big FUCK YOU's and EAT SHIT's in red right on top of the schedules and the teachers were never fast enough to grab it out of our hands when we showed it to them — a word or two is worth a thousand pictures sometimes.

There were machos around but not too many cause it was the *Bronx High School Of Science* and no manomachismo is gonna go to a school where there's thousands of faggots and hippies and they usually got their way anyway 'cause the teachers were faggots too, just grown up, you can't change your nature, so the teacher-killer corps never saw any action and the burden was left to terrorists of the Muhammed Ali style, float like a butterfly sting like a bee, hit and run away to fight again some other day like the swamp fox.

I remember once in junior high I hit a teacher right in the face and made him lose his cool completely. I was playing punchball in the gym and I was hitting them out when the period ended and the teacher, Larizza was his name, a real big Italian job, he came over to get the ball and I wanted to take a last shot so I did it fast and he was standing right in front of me but I hit it anyway and it was the solidest shot of my life, it would have gone over *both* fences, and it hit him right in the eye point blank and he yelled YOU IDIOT and threw his newspaper at me but he couldn't see with his hands over his face and it was only a newspaper so it missed and I tore into the locker room and put on my dark glasses and when he strode down the aisle looking for me I sort of turned to the wall and my heart was giving my chest a real beating but he didn't see me and I escaped to the glen and listened to Simon & Garfunkel.

Everybody knew me for a week after that, but I didn't calm down until I graduated two years later and I still haven't told my parents cause my mother's a teacher and my father used to be one and even though I'm for killing teachers I'm not for killing mom and dad ("let's hope so," my father would say) so if they stop being teachers let em live.

Plastic Fantastic Uppercuts

Yeah, right to life. I have a friend David and he has a funny body — it would go out in all directions at once and he was real skinny and it the old strength test so he put on his big gloves and let fly a short so when he did a handclap it would go BOOM BOOM like that and dense, it was in the cafeteria where there were these pictures hanging up with a protective shield of plastic so kids couldn't touch them and they'd last forever, like they had in the halls too, and the auditorium. So one day as we were lined up against the wall right by one of those pictures and David decided to give it the old strength test so he put on his big glove and let fly a short jab to the farmhouse and nothing happened so we all agreed that it would never break, then he tried an uppercut which is more powerful than a jab — no one ever got knocked out by a jab, but an uppercut is like an underhand hook — and when he threw it there was a big tremendous explosion and all the plastic fell on the floor just like glass but it was still plastic and he never got caught cause there were too many people per square foot in the area and he mingled with the crowd and had a good time at the party until it was time to go home and new he goes around selling flannel shirts at Neil Young concerts.

Another time he went up to the microphone where they make announcements like "throw out your garbage ..... NOW" and before anyone could stop him he sang a song he made up:

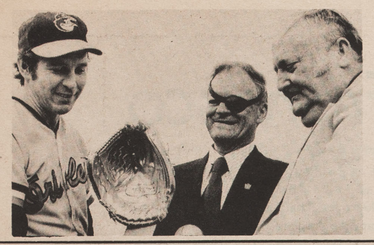
Half a year of reform school
Then she marries the guy
Then they live in the country
In the house that he built
He built it cause he's an architect

And before that
He threw a knife in a knothole.

And then everybody would put their plastic forks in the suggestion box. And once we put a stink bomb with a time delay ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,, in the garbage can and the whole place smelled so bad that everybody left and went outside even though you're not allowed to leave the building and there was nothing they could do about it.

And and and and there were these letters hung up on the wall abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz I still don't know why, but we played anagrams and rearranged them so it read abdefuckghijlmnopqrstvwxyz and that lasted a few weeks so we took away all the other letters so it was just fuck on the wall for a week until they finally got hip and saw the writing on the wall. Then we put up hairycunt but a girl took it down and called us sexist and that was that. The trouble was there were no maniamachos around or there would have been hairycunt and titass all over the place and there'd be a big dick and suck mine too but they were all too busy mooning Smokey the Bear and drinking beer out the bottom of the can and jumping on each other's stomachs to inflict any morality on the burger king peasants and dairy queen fags and besides they're all at Nathan's playing electronic ping pong for a quarter.

knife in a knothole



SPORTS



knock on wood

—Billy Altman

In the immortal Abbott and Costello classic *Comin' Round the Mountain* Lou plays Squeezebox McCoy, the Charlie McCoy of the concertina. He's the only member of the McCoy clan to come from the big city and he and Bud inevitably wind up in the middle of a typical Hatfield-McCoy battle royale. Glenn Strange, perrenial bad guy (so mean he played the villian in the very first Lone Ranger), is the leader of the Hatfields and he can't stand little Louie and calls him by his Christian name throughout the movie. All 6'5" of Stange peers down at the rolly polly 5'6" frame below him and utters the magica word: "Willllllllbbbbuuurrrrrrrr."

By the end of the film everybody makes friends and the feud ends and Costello escapes the clutches of Emmy Lou or Peggy Sue or whatever the name of the pig tailed tomboy usually is. But whenever I scan the day's baseball box scores, I get caught at the White Sox one 'cause every three days that incredible name pops up: "Wilbur Wood."

Besides the great first name, Wilbur Wood has a great last name. As Curt Gowdy said a few weeks ago on the game of the week: "The hitters just can't get any good wood off Wood." Curt's sense of humor on the old broadcasting circuit is very underrated. I mean Mel Allen was on the other night and Curt didn't even ask him where he'd been for the last ten years. So mel Really had to be on his guard, just in case the question did arise. And when Tony Perez hit a home run in the bottom of the tenth to beat the Dodgers, Gowdy didn't let Mel do his famous "Going, going, gone!" either 'cause it wasn't his game to announce, he was just there as a guest commentator. What a card!

Speaking of cards, Wilbur Wood's has always been fun to collect since he's a fat slob. He has to face the camera when they take his picture because if he turns sideways, he won't fit on the allotted room. Also his triple chin is harder to spot front ways than sideways. But Wilbur has what's called in the trade a rubber arm, which means that he can pitch nine innings or more twice a week and not get tired. Mister Wood throws the ever dangerous knuckleball which is as hard to catch as it is to hit, and it's mighty hard to hit.

Ya Can't Hit Hoyt

The first great knuckler I remember is Hoyt Wilhelm, the ageless wonder that made the pitch what it is today. Hoyt developed it early in life as a member of the New York Giants, but it was at Baltimore that he got real famous for it. Hoyt was a relief pitcher, and one night in 1959 he was forced to start a game against the Yankees because the regular starter got sick. All through batting practice the Yanks are yukkin' it up because everybody knows that catchers can't catch knuckleballs. So when el National Anthem is played, even old patriots like Casey Stengel find themselves cracking a smile and chuckling under their wads of tobacco. So all of a sudden, little Clint Courtney, able backstop for the Birds of Baltimore, former catcher for the hapless Washington Senators, described by scouts across the nation as "small but wiry," the only catcher in the league to wear glasses, therefore fooling the oppostion into thinking that he couldn't even see second base too well, let alone throw to it (and he couldn't either), comes out of the dugout with, of all things, an oversized catcher's mitt!! Looks like a cross between a catchers' and a first basemans'. When he puts it in front of his head, you can't even see his face! Yogi Berra gasps, Elston Howard plotzes, and Johnny Blanchard looks the other way with a smile on his face "cause he isn't in the line up tonight so he don't care one way or another.

There's nuthin' in the rule books against it so codgy Casey can't complain. He doesn't and the game begins. When it's over there have been no passed balls, no wild pitches, and get this sports fans, NO HITS!! Hoyt has pitched a no hitter against the Bronx Bombers. The Orioles run out to congratulate Wilhelm, Paul Richards decides to make him a regular starter and Hoyt requests that Courtney always catch when he pitches. Gus Triandos, the regular catcher, didn't like that one bit, but then again, he was a real stupid athlete and though Courtney tried, he couldn't teach Gus how to use the oversized mitt. Triandos did catch Wilhelm once in a while, but he kept missing the ball and getting all paranoid about pitches in the dirt and it just wasn't the same. Hoyt headed for the Chisox after awhile, where he taught Eddie Fisher how to throw the butterfly ball, and Fisher helped Wilbur Wood. How's that for history?

Fatsos I've Known and Loved

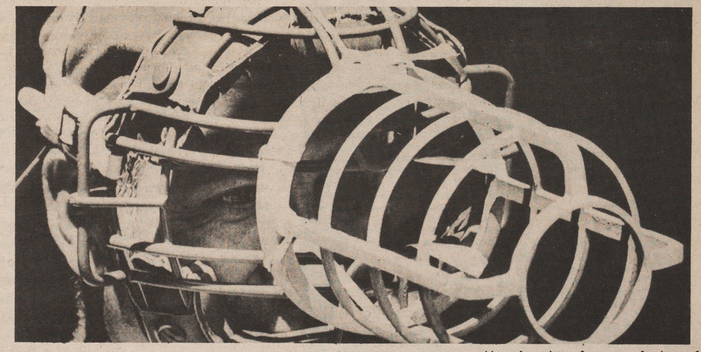
But like I was saying, W.W., in the great tradition of Babe Ruth and Galen Cisco, is a real fatty. Obesity is frowned upon in baseball circles except if you're somebody like Smokey Burgess 'cause he was a catcher (exception No. 1) and he was used mostly as a pinch hitter (exception No. 2). In Smokey's day a pinch hitter was an artiste, not some dingbat designated hitter like Orland Cepeda who is a complete waste if he doesn't hit a homer since he can't even run to first base on his dying legs. Now Smokey never worried about things like that because he'd always pinch hit with men on and he would always hit it in the alley in right center and walk to first base laughin' like his look alike Walter Brennan (who was the real McCoy after all was said and done). Smokey would call time at first and then roll off the field in favor of a pinch runner (usually Joe Christopher) with another notch in his ever expanding belt. Could you just imagine him in one of those dippy terry cloth uniforms? Smokey probably foresaw the changing fashions and that's why he gracefully retired a while back with the best pinch hitting record ever. So no matter what Jim Ray Hart does, it'll have to have an asterisk next to his name in the record book 'cause it just ain't real pinch hitting.

Bob Cerv holds the major league pinch hit homer honors and he was fat too. His number was 17 and he hit more homers in a ph role than his number, which means he was damn good, and almost half of 'em were grand slammers to boot. The best thing I ever saw Cerv do was bunt once as a pincher and he walked to first base just like Smokey 'cause the opposition was so flabbergasted at this move that they didn't even try to field the ball.

Now the two greatest grandslams I ever saw both happened with the Mets. The first was in 1963 at the Polo Grounds. Roger Craig had lost something like twenty games in a row and was going for the major league record for consecutive losses. Craig had a great comedic mind, so he insisted on wearing number 13 on his back for this particular game. He was facing the Cubs and though he pitched courageously, he was losing 3 - 0 in the bottom of the ninth. Somehow the Mets got the bases loaded with two outs and ace strikeout victim Jim Hickman was Roger's last hope. With a two strike count against him, Hickman hit a line drive to left field. Billy Williams drifted back and got ready to make the catch when he realized he was standing in front of the wall. See the wall was only about two hundred fifty feet away down the line, and Billy jumped, but the fans in the left field stands reached over his outstretched mitt and grabbed the ball and it was a GRAND SLAMMER! THE METS WIN 4 — 3! And who should be standing at home plate waiting for Hickman as he trots around the bases but number 13 himself Roger Craig, tears of joy running down his chubby cheeks.

Two Jacks and a Tug

The other memorable one was when Fat Jack Hamilton joined the Mets from the Tigers. It was his first start and he allowed two runs in the first inning. It looked like a sad day at Shea (to quote Bob Murphy), and when Jack came up to hit with the bases loaded in the bottom of the third and two out everybody stopped cheering 'cause even Roy McMillan had a better chance to get a hit with men on than the pitcher, and Roy didn't even hit .250 all of his umpteen years in the big leagues. So here's Hamilton with his gut hanging over the plate and for a minute I dreamed that he would get hit in the stomach by a pitch and gee, Casey really is a genius, but on the first pitch Jack sent one into orbit (to quote Ralph Kiner) and the thing is, it was his first at bat in the National League! So his batting average was a thousand for two innings. Course he lost the game anywhay, but I'll never forget it. With the old Mets you had to count your blessings while you had 'em.



Here's the famous foolproof knuckleball catcher's mask designed by Clint Courtney. That's former Met great Butterball Botts showing off the latest in home plate fashions.

Jack Fisher was also fat and lost twenty games every year for three years but it wasn't his fault half the time. He'd throw and throw and throw and lose at least fifteen pounds every game but he still lost. One time has duelling Jan Marichal and it was 1 - 1 in the ninth. Willie Mays walked, was sacrificed to second, moved to third on an infield out and appeared to be stranded there. Jack was nervous but with the crowd behind him, he seemed to be well in conrtol. So what do you think happens? Willie keeps fakin' like he's gonna steal home which anyone in his right mind knows will never happen because Willie in 1965 was old already. Anyone except Jerry Grote, that is. Grote tries to pick Mays off, the throw goes into left field, Mays races home laughing all the way and the Mets lose 2 - 1. Poor Jack. It had been the only game in three years that he had allowed less than four runs except when he beat the Cubs 19 - 1 but that didn't count 'cause Dick Smith went 4 for 6 with four doubles that day so something had to be wrong with the cosmos.

Jack experimented with a knuckler for a spell, but noting came of it. Wilbur Wood, on the other hand, had the distinction of losing last year's All Star game to Tug McGraw, who throws a screwball and was the first Met pitcher to beat Sandy Koufax. Wilbur might win thirty games this year and that's better than Steve Carlton did last year so hold on to your hat Jack Chesbro 'cause Wilbur's out to get ya. Long live Fat!

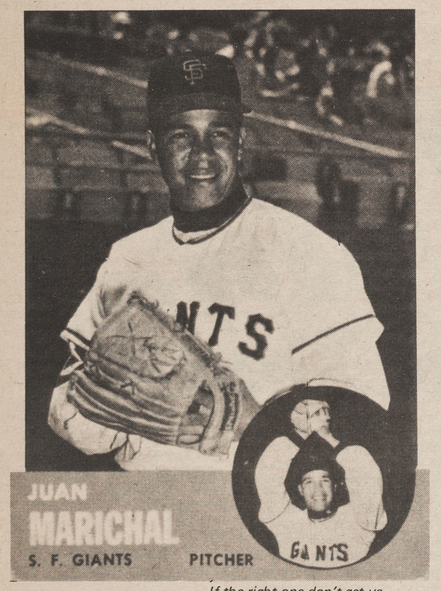
I left my glove in San Fransisco

–Terry Bromberg

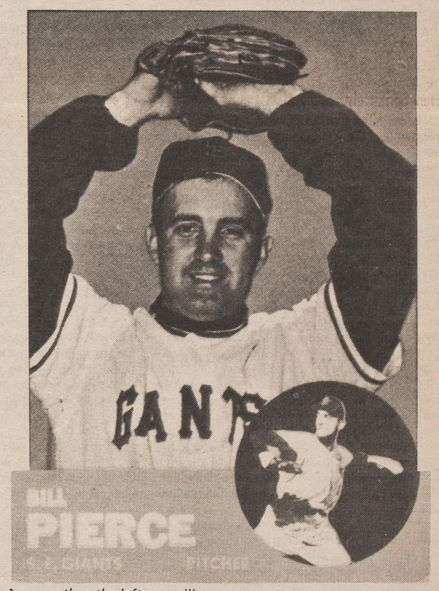
The Roosevelt Hotel. You ever been down to the Roosevelt? Madison and 46th. Or maybe 47th. Or even 48th. Ah, what the fuck is the difference anyway. The only thing that matters is that the Roosevelt Hotel was the scene of some of my finest moments as an autograph collector. Ya know, Meltzer collects bottlecaps and I collected handwriting samples.

Anyway, I started out by going down to see my boys, the G men. But once I got hooked, I was on my way every time a squad came to town. I mean, I even went to get John Hancock's from the Minnesota Twins, and can you Possibly think of a more boring team than the Twins? Well, maybe the Phillies, but they're a different story entirely.

So there I was, in the same hotel as my Bay Area bombers and who do I see coming my way? No, not the slum goddess of the lower east side, but Jim Ray hart. So I clear my throat, get ready to ask away and when I do, old Jimmy R. hands me a postcard with a pitcure of him in action on the front and his autograph on the back. But it wasn't even really his autograph, it was mpre like a stamped replica or something. Now, I had heard rumors that J.R. wasn't too bright (He's the only guy I know of who ever flunked the Army mental exam!), but this was a bit much. But despoite his obvious mental shortcomings, he was always real obliging to me, always answering my queries about Strech's knees and Juan's back and all that.



If the right one don't get ya . . . . . .



. . . . . then the left one will.

And not only was a decent guy, but for a while there, he was one heavy hitter. I mean before his four year shoulder injury of course, which, by the way, has miraculously healed as these days Jim Ray has become the best D.H. in the American League. Although in my mind, I think the only cure he needed was a good dose of That Junior circuit pitching, if you know what I mean. He came up the same year as Ritchie, excuse me, Dick Allen did and in his first game Bullet Bob Gibson hit him and broke his shoulder blade. That didn't stop him though and he went on to have five solid years

Who Needs Gloves

But for all his slugging prowess, J.R. couldn't field at all. Just horrible. And for that matter, neither could Chuck Hiller; even if he did hit that grand slam in the '62 series, I never dug him. Recollecting now, as us old timers are wont to do now and again, that Giant team couldn't field worth shit. Bailey and Haller hit, that's for sure, but behind the plate they moved about as well as Jerry Garcia does on stage. Stretch, bless his heart, and Orlando split first base and left field and between 'em they got the worst knees this side of Broadway Joe. Jose Pagan? Well, he was just Jose Pagan, mild mannered reporter disguised as mediocre shortstop for a great metropolitan baseball team, although in that series against the Yanks he did lead the team in hitting. That leaves us third, center and right. Davenport, Mays and Felipe. Willie, well lets just say that before he decided to make a clown out of himself, he was the finest ballplayer I've ever seen. And if you were one of those nonbelievers who sided with the Mick during those raging schoolyard debates, let me tell you something, the Duke of Flatbush was closer to Mantle then that Oklahoma hick was to Say Hey. Nuff said. Davenport and Alou were both real consistent and them three sorta held everything together, in the field that is.

On the mound, rolly-polly Jack Sanford racked up 24 wins (16 in a row), the Dominican Dandy had 18, and the last of the old timers, Billy's O'Dell and Pierce had 15 and 12 respectively. And with Stu Miller out of the pen, we sure had some tough arms. Should've won the series, and would've too if Tom Tresh didn't happen to make the greatest play of his life off Mays in the game. Willie smashed one into the left field corner in the sixth inning (or maybe the seventh) and Tresh, a rookie then who now frequents the Old Timers circuit, made an unbelievable, running, across the body stab. McCovey followed with a triple and that would've been the end of Ralph Terry's shutout. Oh well.

But the classiest guy to wear a Giant uniform in the past ten years has to be Tito Fuentes. I remember his first game like it was yesterday. Summer of '65, late July, afternoon game against the Mets in Candlestick. Bub Murphy informs us that the G. men have brought up a new second sacker and Tito promptly went ahead and got four hits, which was not quite as good as McCovey going four for four in '59 against the Phillies cause Tito was into singles while Stretch was richocheting the ball all around the damn place.

Who Needs Bats

But after that dynamite opening, Fuentes really died. Couldn't field, couldn't bunt (a crucial asset for a second batter to have, lord knows how many sacrifices he fucked up), and couldn't hit. A real zero. But man was he cool! He'd come up to bat, golf glove and all, go through his little ritual (tug at both shoulders and then tap the skinny end of his bat against the plate and flip it over and catch it. To this day, I've never seen him miss.), and then pop out to short or tap back to the box or whatever. I remember this one game against Cincy four years ago. It was Mc Covey against the Reds. He had about four hits and seven R.B.I.'s The Reds would score, the Giants would get men on base and up would step Ttto and, of course, he'd choke. He must've left ten men on base that day. But Stretch kept coming through, and wouldn't you know it, Tito was always the first one in the dugout to give skin to Mac. No pat on the ass, nioe going bullshit for Fuentes, no sirree, strictly hand up above the shoulder type skin. He looked so happy that you'd think he had gotten all those hits. But Tito never got hits (until the past two years), usually made the wrong play, but he sure did look good doing it.

And you should see him off the field. My God! He's really into jewelry and its said that Tito wears at least six rings whenever he's in civvies. A real star that Fuentes and the fans know it also. At a Giant-Met game two years ago, a woman friend of mine immediately picked up on Tito as her favoritest Giant, ahead of Willie's M. and Mc., B. Bonds (who is, by the way, both a wizard and a true star on the diamond). etc. She knew and you best believe Tito does also.

And one more thing about Fuentes. He spans the generation gap on the Giants. I mean, he was there through the heavy slugging years, through the transitional period and on into 1973. And it sure does look like its gonna be a good year for them too. No choke this year (I hope), cause me and Molk have rooted too hard all these years not to deserve our just rewards. Long live Gary Maddox!

ballad in plain D train

–Gary Cinnamon

While all of you suckers used to pinch your pimples worrying about late Giant and Dodger scores from the coast, when you shelled out your last bits of change for the Daily Mirror to see the probable pitchers, I was sleeping like a pennand-bound baby, secure in the knowledge that the inevitable was to surface come September. And you cursed me, calling me everything from "you root for ali the winners" to a "pin-stripe pussy." Alas, people, the Bronx Bombers always had the last laugh, driving enemies of the State into frenzied fits of folditis. The New York Yankees of 1960-64 provide fond memories of baseball unexcitement yet consistent success and satisfaction.

In 1959, the Yankees took a leave of absence from the American League, allowing the gnats of the Chicago White Sox to be swatted by the Dodgers in six. Do you really think a team with Gerry Staley, Turk Lown, and a host of non-hitters could have won the pennant without some fancy play by the Yankees? Well, to start making things normal again, the Yanks took on the Kansas City Athletics as a farm system and acquired a bunch of A's that would make their marks in the Bronx.

Beside the golden-fingered Roger Maris came Hector Lopez (he of the golden glove) with his Jewish wife (he wore a crucifix and a Jewish star on one chain. Whate a man!); Bob Cerv, who never really did get a chance to arm-wrestle Ted Klusiewski, also arrived from the farm. A year before, Art (Goegeous Hunk) Ditmar brought his enormous talents to the Yanks. Joe Demaestri also made his impact on baseball history in pinstripes after coming from Kansas City. Alas, sure-eyed Norm Siebern and Jerry Lumpe had to be the unlucky ones to leave, and the others who received a living-death sentence to Kansas City or parts unknown were the promising young Gary Blaylock, the Johnson boys, Deron and Darell, and Johnny Kucks. Even dental enthusiast Don Larsen, who after his cosmic mastery of the Dodgers in 1956 said that the first thing he was going to do after he reached immortality was to get his teeth fixed, and Bob Turley were soon to fall by the wayside.

Dragging the Fences

The basic 1960-64 victory machine is well-known: Skowron at first, the Moose, later replaced by Mr. Joe (Pepitone). Little Bobby Richardson at second, who set a premier example for all us kids out there. Tony Kubeck (succeeding Gil Mcdougald) at short, for whom Tom Tresh and Phil Linz shed so much blood in 1962. After Andy Carey, letis (Orgasm) Boyer at third, providing many thrills at the keystone with his diving stops and from-the-knee throws. Maris was in right, where he could be seen dragging the right field stands in a couple of inches during nocturnal visits to the Stadium. The Mick in center, who was always staunchly defended from Mays freaks with the simple phrase, "Yeah, but if he had good legs . ."

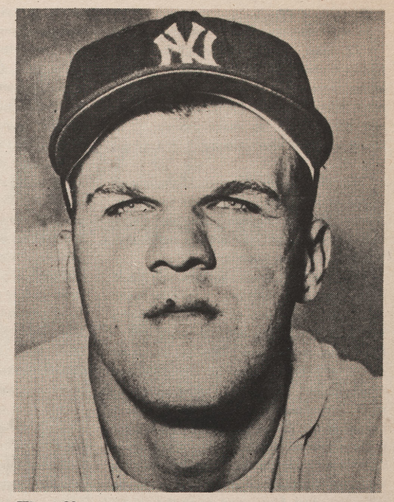
Left field was inhabited by many. Cerv was there, Yogi would climb up the left-field foul pole every now and then screaming "Me-hee for Yoo-Hoo, Fudge Bars too-hoo." Lopez was the best though, making constant late inning errors under orders to make things a bit more tense, then coming up with late inning hits to keep his stock up, topped with a ninth-inning "lot of white showing" game-ending catch. John Blanchard, who in 1961 hit four consecutive homers (two pinch-hit and two in one game) shuffled, and I do mean slowly, between outfield chores and catching duties. Berra and the courageous Elston Howard were usually behind the plate.

The best moundsmen were Whitey ("thanks Luis") Ford and a flock of crazies: Bill Stafford, who resembled Buffalo girls so much with his ass and chest stuck way out for everyone to see; Roland Sheldon, who made everybody forget Tom Sturdivant; Jim Coates, who in 1960 had the best winning percentage on the staff and an over 4.00 ERA; Bud Daley, another KC tradee whose deformed elbow baffled enemy hitters for quite some time; Ralph Terry (or Ralph Cherry as Phil Rizzuto called him) still another KC product who, despite all his heroics in the following years will be marked for the death for the rest of his days for serving up that balloon to Mazeroski in 1960. Luis (that's OK Whitey) Arroyo headed the relief corps, succeeding Bobby Shantz, then passing on the torch to Marshall (Stolen Kisses) Bridges, shot by his wife in a bar during the off-season. What class!!

It's the not-so-famous men who send chills up and down the spine. For instance, Mickey Mantle's legs, Jack Reed and Ross Mosschitto. Reed finally got to bat in 1961, and hit a homer in the top of the 22nd inning to defeat the Tigers. Eli Grba, who not only had a great name but an amazing set of ears. Al Downing and Jim Bouton arrived in the early sixties. Pete Mikklesen was around for a time. But the best man was Mr. Laffs himself, Phil Linz, the Wayne and Schuster of the Yankees, whose wicked harmonica won a pennant in 1964. Dale Long, the Johnny Mize of his time was around too.

Animals on Parade

The American League opposition was intriguing. In 1960, the Baby Birds of Baltimore made a run at the Yankees, featuring an infield of Robinson, Hansen, Breeding, and Gentile, a pitching staff of Estrada, Pappas, Wilhelm, and Fat Jack Fisher, the catching of Gus Triandos, and an outfield headlined by Gene Woodling and Bob Boyd. In 1961, it was the Tigers. They always gave the Yanks the most trouble because of "Yankee killers" Frank Lary and Don (Handsome Don) Mossi. The hitters were good, too. Kaline and Colavito, Norm Cash and Steve Boros, Eddie (the Walk) Yost and Chico Fernandez. Of course there was Charley Maxwell, who did all his hitting on Sunday. But the Yanks were never in serious trouble, and in a big series in July featuring the best July 4th doubleheader in history, Kaline was thrown out at second by Yogi Berrá who was played by the carom off the wall perfectly. Kaline then went on the break his collarbone and the Tigers were licked.


'The Moose'

The celler-dwellers had great players. The original Senators featured Julio Becquer, Jose Valdelvioso, Reno Bertoia, Camilio Pascual, and the tobacco-chomping Pedro (I am the Fastest) Ramos. I'll never forget when Pedro came to the Yankees in '64 to help in the pennant drive. The next year, he really stunk, but had the best moment when he swallowed his tobacco on the mound and Red Barber couldn't believe it. Other famous enemies were Pete Runnels and Frank Malzone of Boston, Lenny and Pumpsie Green, Bill Tuttle, Jim Rivera, Al Smith, Albie Pearson, Wayne Terwillinger, Sherm Lollar, Paul Foytack, Bob Rodgers, Manny Jimenez, a reincarnated Ryne Duren and Jerry Lumpe, Harry Chiti, Steve Bilko, Clint Courtney, Earl Torgeson (later a fallen Yankee), Paul Foytack, Wes Stock, Vic Power, Mudcat Grant (as an Indian), Gary Bell, Dick Stigman, DAve Stenhouse, Tracy Stallard, the schizophrenics Gene Conley and Dave DeBusschere, old Clem Labine, and Rocky Bridges.

The flashes come hot and heavy: Art Ditmar starting a two-out ninth-inning rally with a pinch-hit double against KC in '60, Mickey Mantle's gaping hole in his thigh bleeding crimson, Joe Pepitone losing Clete Boyer's throw in the sun in the '63 series, Tom Tresh's catch off Willie Mays in '62, Maris' golden finger, Bobby Richardson hitting a grand slam in the '60 series, Mel Stottlemyre coming up in 1964, Casey Stengel, a young Marv Throneberry, an aging Enos Slaughter, Steve Hamilton, McCovey lining out to Richardson, Julio Cecquer breaking up Bob Turley's no-hitter, not summer nights of arguing Mantle-Mays in front of Halsey Junior High and going down to Zingy's for a lime rickey.

But the most avid flash of all is going to Yankee Stadium for the first time and seeing the Mick hit a homer to beat the Indians. That beats sex and revolution by a lot of fuckin' miles.

What is a National League, anyway?


". . .. so the farmer tells the daughter 'if he kisses you, yell strawberries' . . ."

travels with my pud

—Richard Meltzer

'72, man, fuckin TRAVELED in '72, fuckin traveled my ass off and as you all know there's but 4 ways to travel. No I mean there's but 4 REASONS for travelin and they are 1. to make money; 2. to spend someone else's money; 3. ?; 4. to get laid.

That's if you are a writer. If you are an editor or if you're lucky enuff to be Mr. Johnny Kosmic Himself, Jonathan Eisen, well then you got trillions of reasons to travel, all of them kosmic.

I ain't kosmic so all I got is 4. and No. 4 is the most important one cause how could it not be? In January of '72 I got myself a free trip to LA the land of pussy off of MCA Records & Tapes. They set about 40 of us NY writers up in the Sheraton Universal and we ordered up a storm on room service cause it was all free. ALL of it including the tip so one meal that we got outta my room was 55 dollars and I wrote down a 40 dollar tip for the gentleman. He was real happy and the next time he delivered Blue Nun wine to my room (2 bottles) he was real quick and efficient.

I only got laid once in the SU and it was a certain Miss S. who used to write for *Circus*. She spotted me downstairs in my flashy name tag and sooner or later it was makeout city. Jon Tiven of New Haven Conncecticut (the 37th largest city on the continent) was there to steal wine for us from other dodo's tables and steal he did and we kept em under our table and the table included: John Morthland, Mr. Ed Ward, Tiven, me, Miss S., Anne Moore!, whatever her name is who always edits *Flip* magazine and maybe one or two others who time has forgot.

That was the first night of makin out (hands up her coozy and she had her hand on my pecker after the wine and the music and she swore it'd be her in my fuckin bed the next nite (1st nite was somewhere obscure but the 2nd nite was supposed to be in the hotel itself so she could of cuss expose her loins there). 2nd nite came and she was kinda recalcitrant if ya know what I mean so it took some coaxing to get her up to my room (we went to Disneyland that day — she didn't go but the contingent from the East Coast plus Lester Bangs & Co. went there and it was shit except there was a store where snuff was available) and she had this ride back to where she was going so he hadda come upstairs too and he did (he hid in the closet).

First off we did some 69 but I don't really remember comin in her mouth altho I sure do remember lickin her honey of an asshole and she sure liked that (THEY LIKE IT A LOT MORE ON THE WEST COAST THAN THEY DO ON THE EAST COAST AND THAT'S WHY YOU GO THERE FOR CHRIST SAKE.) Moanin and pantin and I think I stuck the old pongo in her lovepit a couple of times and then turned on the TV. Can't remember what was on but it was starring Victor Mature. She left and gave me her phone number.

Called it once and she didn't wanna come over.

73 with a Bullet

Saw her few days later (in between I was at the Troubadour and Alan Rinde comes over to me with some honey — hadn't seem him in 6 months and can't figure out why he's bein so nice — and we go out for some eggs benedict, then we go to his place and he gets to escort his babe to the sheets but I'm stuck with my cunny in the living room and she ain't so hot to trot so I take out a copy of *Esquire* and show her I was one of the HEAVY 89 that year so she finally lets me feel her up from underneath what she's wearing, she gets tired and then she wants to sleep but she wants to take off whatever she's wearing and put on something of mine so I give her my Stony Brook college jacket and while we're lyin down with her wearin that I stick my hand up her snatchola and after about 7 minutes of that she lets me take off her pants and *eat her pussy*, she's panting and huffin & puffin and finally I get to stick my pepperoni up her quim and we're goin at a good gate until finally I come and she's not comin so she's pissed off and she leaves: calls a fuckin taxi but the address she gave that we got off the *Esquire* — How'm I supposed to know the address? — was wrong so she's gotta call again before he gets there and she leaves, can't remember her name for the love of Mike) and I was with Miss S.R. after comin back from a wrasslin match that Pete Senoff took 17 people to. 27 man battle royal and we got back to the hotel and I wanna ferk her but she's hung up on her OLD MAN who's far away doing publicity for Elton John.

Took about half a week before I got into her pants and they were the best pants I got into that trip. Ran into her at the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band at the Troub and I sez to her why don't you stay for the 2nd set cause I have a tab and I will buy you a bottle of champagne so she does. Suddenly I'm in her automobile (red?) and on the way to Beverly Hills her home. We're up there gettin it on and the light's blarin so I sez please turn it down a bit but we do most of our hanky pank while it's hurtin mu orbs. First thing I knew she was sittin on my sausage and it was real HARD, could of been the hardest it ever was and she was undulating on it real good. Ate her pussy too while stickin my finger up her asshole (middle finger, right hand) and finally we got to sleep and in the morning I wanted to stick it up her from the rear (not in the bunghole bit in the box from the famous doggie position but I didn't get to do that for about 4-5 months — the next time I visited LA). She was a sweety and the 2nd person I ever fucked who also fucked Jim Morrison — in fact she was the one who drove him to the airport when he left for Paris forever and Miss S. was the one who he was going to marry in Vegas but she said no cause how could she possibly return to LA married?

Also got to phug somebody in SF that trip (flew up there for a side trip — cheap enuff — and stayed at D.G.'s abode in Sausalito but couldn't stand the deprivation of not being able to plunge it into her hole so I went up to Greg Shaw's house in Fairfax and got into the drawers of his next door nieghbor who was pregnant from some black guy and said that I was the angel of mercy or something like that cause — modesty aside — I was real nice to her and we went to some bar for some hot brandies which are the custom in may a West Coast drinkery) and down again to LA where S.R.'s coozy was a-waitin for after I got back from the basketball game between LA and Phoenix that Gary Kenton got us tickets for (me, him and LIZA WILLIAMS) and when I talked to her on the phone she told me she would be eating a garlic-laden meal for sup and her cunt would be bleeding but if I didn't mind it was OK with her.

Sure was o'kay with me for crying out loud and she had some friends of hers over when I got there, a married couple as a matter of fact. While they were there I took a shit in her bathroom which had a wide open wall so they could hear everything but big shit so they heard it, big deal. Ate her for about 4 minutes (not nearly long enuff) and then stuck in the third leg, next day she drove me to the airport and our parting was real swell despite the fact that Elton's promo person had returned in the interim.

On the plane (free again) I ran into the daughter of J.W. of A------c Records and while the flicker was flicking we got to kiss & hug & fondle. Next day while my NY old lady (everybody's got one so why not me?) was busy at work for *Natural Gardening* magazoon she came over (cheatin on her old man who was incidentally Afro-American) and we did the "do" for hours at least. But it so happened that just before she came over I was puttin crab medicine on my crotch just to play it safe cuase you never know what you'll pick up in LA so when she got there the crab med taste was still on my gonad area.

First I ate her cunn, then I stuck it up her vagine with her on her back. SHE SURE COULD DANCE (she was a dancer with Dr. John) and after coming I stuck my tung & lips & etc. on her puss which had just made contact with my dingus so it tasted like crab medicine. But shit so I kept on eatin while of course stickin the old reliable fugfinger up her keester and she danced up a storm for that one. Then we fugged again in I don't remember what position (her on top?) and then we settled down for a 3rd go-around and for this one she shoved her butt in my direction for some cuntal penetration by yours truly: DOGGIE STYLE!!!! in NYC to be exact (didn't expect it).

After that she started suckin on my doodle and I told her it was gonna be a long time before creamin this time around cause I had jacked off earlier in the day (I had) but she didn't care, she just wanted to french me for a while and I reciprocated her too (no ejaculation for anybody).

Months went by before another trip to LA, this time to interview the boring-as-all-getout Jackson Browne for *Rolling Stone*. He was fuckin boring but this time I finally got to fuck both L.E. and her roommate LIZA WILLIAMS (she don't mind if I mention her name, you can even check with her for libel first if you want). L.E. was — no wait a second I don't think I got to actually stick it up L.E.'s poozle till the next time but I did get to eat Liza for about half an hour and she blew me after that and I put my jumbo in her jellypit too. Also on that trip I got to renew my friendship with S.R. but she didn't go for my druken antics so it wasn't so hot except for the morning where I woke her up by licking her clitty to kingdom come (NYC babes really don't get as off on being eaten, they usually even tell you their clit is so sensitive and you're too harsh with it) before she went out to teach her class of ghetto youths (subject that day was Morrison's longest lizard poem).



—Roni Hoffman

To Finland?

NEXT BIG TRAVEL WAS KIM FOWLEY. Kim's of course the king of travel (he's even been to Finland) so it was indeed an honor hittin the road with him (MARS BONFIRE TOO and also JEFFREY CHEEN — hey jeff I hope you still wanna take me to lunch the next time I' in town). Me and Kim were in a nookie competition from the word go. I wasn't so hot to compete but after I go laid bfore him he was pissed off so compete it was.

Didn't get to dip my wick until Washington, D.C., the nation's captial and it was K.W. who was amenable. Real fuckin pretty gal altho my Polaroid of her don't look so hot when I show it around bit she was A GOOD ONE. Loved her to death that one nite we shared and tole her I'd dedicate my next book to her (it's still in the works), even licked her poon & shitter on the radio studio floor before they kicked us out and we hadda retreat to the Holiday In.. Took a bath with her too and did some splashing.

2 nites later it was Philadelphia and Mrs. M.T., also known as C.T. in her own right (but she's no c.t. if you know what I mean!), the nite of Philadelphia all I could do was stick my hand down her pants while hubby was watchin but she followed up to Cleveland (worst city in North America) and there I came on her neck while under the influence of bad eardrums from air travel. She was a real honey and I still correspond with her to this day, she's delicious and I know in my heart that she'll be sitting on may face again someday.

Third on the Fowley tour was F.M. of Evanston (this was Chicago, the horniest town in the world), her first name was Faith and she had lots of Hope and Charity to boot. My nite with her eas the best mite I ever had production-wise: came EIGHT (8) TIMES (X) cause she kept fellating my dangle every time I came so I could get it up agin. She was short and had a fake third eye drawn on her forehead and did not like to have her fishpot eaten but liked licking my dagger more than anybody ever had. It was a whole ene of physical activities for me and her and after the 5th orgasm of mine (it was almost every time the one with her on bottom cause she refused to do it any other way) she shot some shaving cream up her cho-cho for a lubie (I didn't have any Jergen's Lotion like Kim had next door over where he was entertaining not one but TWO lovelies from the hog butcher of the world) and then we went to dreamland. Morning came and she opened the blinds to see the sunrise over Lake Michigan (she was a psychotic from the loony bin who had previously been in love with Buzzy Feiten of the Butterfield Band) and then we fuqued somemore. She told me I was the only person who ever made her come (if you don't believe it go ask her yourself, I'll supply you with her address and phone number if you write me c/o this paper) and when she left in the elevator I could swear she had her eye on Mr. Kim.

She calls me collect at least twice a month and went on to fuck Eric Bloom of the Blue Oyster Cult.

Then later in the month of July I got to visit LA again for the wonderful exciting Signpost Records party at Ciro's which no longer exists. Lovely A.M. was there and I knew right away I needn't look no further for my evening's jollies. She was with Terry Aktinson of the LA *Staff* and I was on my 3rd rum & coke. By the 13th they were out of coke so I settled for a rum & 7up. She walked me back to the Sunset Marquis and we had a debate over which direction it was in but finally found it nonetheless and I grabbed her belly flesh cause it was nice. First thing I knew I was thrustin away inside her *real slow* havin a great time. Her head was almost bumpin into the headboard so I had my right hand there to keep her head from gettin injured but then I stuck my hands in her anal region and spread those cheeks apart. Next thing I know she's doin ditto to me (wotta honey! I still love her to this day even tho she was non-committal to me on the phone later in the week implying that — yes — once again I was getting the famous old LA WOMAN treatment: NYC sweeties don't do shit, wherea LA sweeties do it once or twice and then it's "bye bye Johnny") and finally I came which meant the bedorama was over cause she hadda go to work the following morn (how was / supposed to know?) but I went down on her goulash one last time to try to hold back the dawn (I LOVED HER) but it got me nowhere, sigh, shucks, sadness, cryin, tears, boo hoo.

Then was the nite I fucked L.E., we were sleepin up in her flea-ridden room from her dog T. and she sucked on it to get it stiff enuff to burrow her swamp and then she planted same right down on it and I musta came in about 21 seconds and we laughed our asses off (I'd fuck you again, L.E., I really would). She sent me a tin of Tiger Balm just the other week.

Thick as a Seagrams bottle

Speaking of tigers next thing I knew I was in India writin a piece for *Oui* (they don't show enough beaver in*Oui* but what can you do?) and this creep photog person was with me (a real scumbag). He was a 4-eyes with specs as thick as a bottle of Seagram's (twice as thick actually) and his girlfriend back in the states was some real rich bitch of a blonde. He spoke of her as a real bounty for some day in the future when her old man would croak (if you're readin this, Daddy Warbucks, you oughta disinherit her right away!) and he was the biggest fuckin stick-in-the-mud every day we were there. He refused to take *candid* photos which meant anything that wasn't posed, all he wanted to take was the ladyhippies of Goa's nippies against the sunset (what a worm). Nobody would pose so day after day he'd have these *conversations* with women from Germany and etc. and they'd all say NO cause why the fuck would they wanna pose for this fuckin drip?

Met this cat named Joe in Goa who said he was gonna get me some local poontang so he takes me to this house of one of his sister's older friends (sis is about 37, friend is about 49) and he tells me she'll fuck me. Ho ho ho. No way she was gonna googie with me nohow, this guy was bats in his belfry and I didn't get my ass in India.

Only other place I went in '72 was Montreal to see some hockey with Juan Rodriguez (I could not hustle a free trip) who's better Canadian rock writer than Ritchie Yorke'll ever be and we saw some hockey. I did not get to handle a single fluid ounce of French-Canadian smegma. Later in the year I went back with my old lady R.H. and we saw some Canadian pro football (ha ha ha ha ha) and Team Canda get whupped by the Ruskies. Juan's old l. was around name of Elizabeth and she sure was a fuckin HONEY (had a dream about her later in the annum but I guess I'll never get her alone and wouldn't wanna hurt my old buddy Juan anyway), she's a refugee (word I missed in the 1957 spelling bee) cunt from Poland now residing in Quebec. Quebec's real good, better than Canada, better than USA, better than Paris, France, better than NYC (better than Boston). A lot like LA cause of all the stray twat walkin around with their asscelfts hangin outa the back of their trousers, sure got my eyes on their tighs!

Also got to reap the whirlwind of rock and roll ecstasy in '72 by making it up to the Bronx for my birthday party given to me by the staff of *Teenage Wasteland Gazette*. They threw me a bash and while my o.l. was caressin R.B.'s dork I was allowin B.A. to lightly seat her crotch on my mug in the crapper. Licked it all up and luvved every bit of it (altho she had used one of them hygiene products which ain't exactly the bee's knees) and I was wearin girl's panties on cause mine ran out and I was gonna hafta take em off for when if was time to ball her but that moment never came cause my o.l. opened the door on my head and said it was time to go (a lift back to Manhattan so we wouldn't hafta take the fuckin subway — infested with *mean* muthafuckas at that hour) but I still got her phone number and she's still only sweet sexteen!

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more pumice than lava

–Mike Saunders

Until its unfortunate demise and Mark Shipper's degeneration into an acid-wrecked vegetable, *Flash Magazine* was an important clearing house of ideas. Information on rare Chocolate Watchband out-takes, Dee Robb's sex life, and (the truth behind those) Sonics socks could be exchanged witlıout fear of co-option by East Coast sociologists. All the finest minds of the rock world were there: Wayne DAvis, Hot Scott Fischer, Vincent Price Ken Barnes, Killer Kowalski, Lemmy the Lurch.

Yours truly pressed Adny Shernoff (a great kid), in fact, for comment on the old *Flash* at the National Rock Writers Convention (hence to be known as the National Rock And Roll Fan Club), and Adny's snappy reply said it all: "Yeah well, my group's better ..... but it's ace!"

Undoubtedly, *Flash*'s most important contribution to pop culture was in its uniting of all 27 remaining Blue Cheer fans. There had been previous instances of crazed fandom, true, like the nuts who bought the recordings of all 267 Fairport Convention offshoots. But nothing like the devotion of these Blue Cheer fans. The mystery, of course, is how a group so popular and so critically acclaimed in its heyday could have fallen in favor so badly as to be disowned by nearly every one of its original fans. Dickie Peterson's knifing of Bill Graham on stage during the Fillmore's closing night in 1969 was part of the reason, sure, but that couldn't be the whole story.

Nor could Blue Cheer's unfortunate appearance at the infamous Summer Bummer festival at Candlestick Park/Golden State Speedway, 1969. No other groups showed up. Blue Cheer did. 765,289 fans died of drug poisoning that day. *Rolling Stone* declared it "the death of rock." They were wrong. It was the death of rock fans. So what? Less than a fraction of the 16 million listeners who had bought Blue Cheer's first album were at that festival. leaving the question of why did the Cheer's remaining 14,214,711 fans fink out on the group that had been acclaimed as one of the most brilliant in 20th century music.

After painstaking interviews with everyone connected with the original group – from Stanley Owsley to Gump Worsley – I have unearthed the true reason behind BC's inexplicable fall from stardom: Blue Cheer sold out. The true tale behind Blue Cheer, never before revealed, is about to be told for the first time.

The Story Of Blue Cheer

In the beginning, Blue Cheer was a motorcycle gang of fifteen strong. They hung out around the outskiirts of San Francisco, cruising places like Vallejo and El Cajon because they simply weren't tough enough to hack it in the innercore of the city. Truth is, Blue Cheer was one of the worst motorcycle gangs of all time. Toddlers down the block used to regularly deflate their tires, kids from the local junior high school would beat them up after school, and on one particularly humiliating day Blue Cheer had their asses kicked and Silly Putty smeared all over their faces by a roving band of 12 year-old droogs.

One day Blue Cheer's leader came up with a great idea: they would paly the blues and get rich. "Hey, I've got a great idea. Let's play the blues and get rich!" were his exact words.Unanimous agreement among the members of the gang was easily obtained, and all fifteen members immediately zoomed into the nearest city in search of the music store that would undoubtedly launch their catapult to stardom. Unfortunately, it was a tiny burg and the sole music store (Fred's Music)2 had nowhere near the equipment to equip a 15-piece Latin-rock blues band. The members of Blue Cheer squared off, knives flashing. As they began their bestial descent into the ghastly denouement so familiar to rock fans everywhere, screams could be heard for a radius of 500 miles.

When the smoke cleared four hours later, Dickie, Leigh, and Paul stood proudly fingering their shiny new instruments, trying to forget about the twelve dead bodies that lay around them. The fittest had survived. Taking their cue from the inspiration that was to surround everything they did for the next two years, they wasted no time in deciding upon the name for their group: Blue Cheer! "Blue cuz that's what we were gonna play, blues, and Cheer because it, uh, rhymed," grinned Dickie a year later.

The very next day, Dickie, Liegh, and Paul moved into an abandoned house on the beach – a disguised efficiency apartment, actually – and began to practice furiously. After four days of non-stop rehersal, they were ready. Blue Cheer made its third-billed debut at the Fillmore Auditorium that weekend, blowing Sam the Sham and the Mojo Men off the stage completely. Rock critics from far afield as Fairfax, Sausalito, and San Jose wandered in after overhearing the noise that was to wake the world, and were without exception stunned by the brilliance of this unheralded new group. Two days later, the Oct. 24, 1967 cover story by Ralph Cramden in *Rolling Stone* said it all: "Blue Cheer: The Biggest Supergroup Yet?" In his Perspectives column that issue, Cramden also wrote, "This is it, this is what we've been waiting for. Blue Cheer is obviously the sound of tomorrow, as evidenced by the countless blatant imitators that have sprung up the last four days, such as Cream and Jimi Hendricks."

In six days, Blue Cheer had gone from an incompetent bike gang into the world's treatest rock 'n' roll band.

Riding the Underground

Wasting no time, Dickie, Leigh, and Paul set about capturing the sound of Blue Cheer on vinyl. The group's first album, *Vincebus Eruptum*, was recorded 500 miles underground beneath Santa Clara. Three minor earthquakes were caused by the unleashing of the Cheer's sonic arsenal, but that wasn't the big question. Was the world ready for Blue Cheer? That was the big question. The answer was yes.

Vincebus Eruptum maked the pinnacle of rock as an art form. One song, "A Day In The Life Of A Frogman," changed the course of an entire generation, inspiring millions to drink cough syrup and see God Other cuts like "Blues For Owlsley," "Bull Frog Blues," and "Let's Turkey Trot" were almost as magnificent, marking the high point of spontaneous improvisation withing the jazz tradition. "Summertime Blues," "Doctor Please," and "Paul Goes Apeshit" rounded out the album.

To follow up the biggest selling album in rock history, Blue Cheer then embarked upon the largest grossing rock and roll tour ever. Dickie, Leigh, and Paul staged a whirlwind tour of 56 cities in 16 days, this amazing figure made possible because they (and only they) could play three cities at one time. A movie was made (*Getting Crazy with Blue Cheer*), and the tour's $56 million gross has been subsequently topped only by Grand Funk (featuring ex-Buckingham leader Mark Farner, Dickie on Bass, and Hal Blaine on drums) and their intergalactic tour of the Milky Way. They were the power trio to end all power trios, so it was okay. Whether or not they ever came back has been a topic of extreme controversy, compounded by Neil Marxus' baffling book *Grand Funk In Argentina*.

With such incredible success behing them, Blue Cheer took a fishing trip. It lasted nine months, DL&P overhauling the *U.S. Enterprise* and taking it around the world. Along the way they kept touch with their roots by stopping off at Jamaica (home of the blues) and later at Peru (where they visited the grave of their idol Blind Boy Bazooka).

The next October, Blue Cheer arrived home to a cheering crowd of 50,000 in the middle of the Staten Island Channel. Leery of the long train ride back to SF, they recorded their second album right there in New York, outdoors on the Brooklyn Wharf. *Inside/Outside* was the title. "I mean, what th' fuck, it was a good place. One wharf's as good as any! Just listen to the whale on 'Babylon.' Couldn't do that in Frisco, no way."

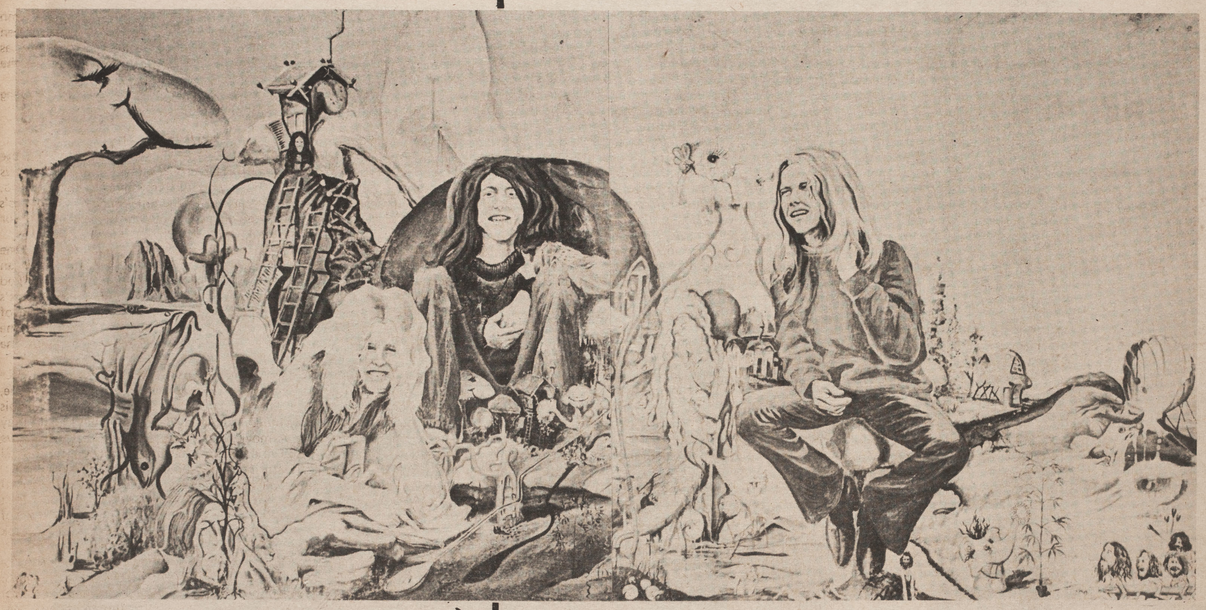
The album was a success almost equal to the first. Songs like "Feathers In My Tree," "Satisfaction," and "Gypsy Ball" continued the Blue Cheer formula of a tasteful mixture of rock, jazz, country, raga, and Tibetan church music, but with major emphasis on modern music's common denominator: the blues.

The Fall Of Blue Cheer

Then it happened, almost as suddenly as the group's meteoric rise to fame. Blue Cheer lost touch with their roots. Fat, lazy, and complacent, they moved from their shack into a mansion overlooking the Bay. Most incredulous of all, they turned their back on the blues. True, other groups have been guilty of the same crime, like Savoy Brown and Ten Years After, but neither of these were anywhere the brilliant unit that marked Blue Cheer at its peak. Hodad bluesmen from the Delta, TYA and Savoy Brown understandably let money and big city women go to their head. The post-quaalude genre of alcoholic rock was the result. Blue Cheer had seemed to be above all that.

As 1969 began, internal strife erupted within Blue Cheer. Leigh Stephens wanted to get into heavy metal, while Dickie favored country blues moans. Paul Whaley wanted more drum solos. The three-way conflict was irreconcilable, and Leigh finally split to England where he formed his own group, Led Zeppelin. The infamous Whaley left for Jamaica, where he bagan to circulate rumors that Paul was dead.

Left with a bad case of the clap, his complete Yazoo Records collection, and scars on his head where Leigh had clobbered him with his Gibson, Dickid Peterson attempted to keep the name of Blue Cheer going. Cruising down Telegraph Avenue trying to score some STP early one February morning, Dickie ran into Randy Holden (brother of Stephen Holden), a guitarist who had fronted one of the better SF acid-punk albums of the era. *The Other Half* No rehearsals were needed. It took but one question: "Hey! I'm Dickie Peterson. Wanna play the blues and get rich?" Blue Cheer II was set. Unfortunately, the resulting album was a washout. Dickie's blues yodels were as rusty as Amon Duul II left out in the rain, Holden had no feel for the genre, and they forgot to hire a drummer for the date. *New Improved Blue Cheer* was dire.



So Randy Holden was out. At this point, Bruce Stephens – Leigh's precocious 15 year-old kid brother – saw his big move and made it. Bruce brought in his ex-Mint Tattoo keyboards man Burns Kellogg, tied Dickie Peterson down and hired a maid to feed him sedatives every 24 hours, and Bruce and Burns proceeded to play every note on *Blue Cheer IV* themselves. Unlike the mediocre, unlamented *Mint Tattoo, Blue Cheer IV* was by far the best effort of the post-Leigh Stephens era. "Saturday Freedom" rocked, "The Same Old Story" rolled, and "Lovin You's Easy" scorched with its extension of the current acid-rock sound. Although the album received enthusiastic reviews, Blue Cheer's downward commercial spiral continued.

When Dickie Peterson finally awoke from his coma three months later, he realized that the present setup would not do. Bruce Stephens had to go. Looking around for a replacement, Dickie remembered his ex-schoolmate Gary Yoder. Gary had just gotten out an album *Kak* by his group of the same name, an uneven LP but superb in places, and all the more remarkable for the fact that Gary's sidement in Kak consisted of a yak, two goats, and Muff Winwood on drums. Kak had also cut one of the year's most exciting singles, "Everything's Changin'." Always appreciative of the importance of the singles market, Dickie knew that Yoder was the best man for the job.

Blue Cheer IV (not to be confused with Blue Cheer III) made two albums with Gary Yoder as leader: *The Original Human Being* and *Oh Pleasant Hope*. Unfortunately, the extramusical factor had not been taken into consideration. Gary spent most of the time lovesick for his yak, and his songwriting suffered considerably, each album only having three or four good cuts.

It was too late to call back Bruce Stephens, as Bruce had sailed to England to join his brother Leigh for a disappointing supersession album, *Pilot*. Dickie's heart sank even deeper as he heard new albums come out utilizing the same ideas Blue Cheer could have pulled of with ease had they stayed together – *Master Of Reality, Fireball, Grand Funk Live At The Beach House* – and he realized that he, and not Leigh, had been right all along: the blues was where it was at. In August, 1971, Blue Cheer finally disbanded.

Discography:

VINCENT ERECTUM – Blue Cheer (Double Shot DS 101)
BLUE CHEER NUMBER TWO (Double Shot DS 102)
WHEELS AFIRE – Blue Cheer Live At The Fillmore (Philips PHS 600-273)
NEW IMPROVED BLUE CHEER (Philips PHS 600-297)
ANDROIDS ON MARS – Blue Cheer (Philips PHS 600-893)
LEAVING THE SOLAR SYSTEM – Blue Cheer (Philips PHS 600-894)
BLUE CHEER MEMORIAL ALBUM (Vista 603-S)

springtime for Golda Meir

–Joe Fernbacher

So now we got Kinky Friedman, and he write a song 'bout Charles Whitman (Whitman was only second-class as far as mad-dorks went, Richard Speck was a true mad-genius, he even out did the Boston Strangler, maybe he didn't have the same kinda class as the flash of the slash, JACK THE Ripper, but he was just a punk with a hard-on for white uniforms what bulged in the right places, like he woudn't of been that infamous had he sliced up eight Good Humor Men – or maybe he would have . . . "What the heck Richard Speck/ Got a notion, made a little commotion/ Now there's eight on the floor, ain't no more/ But Dick why'd you haveta be so messy/ But at least you were classy . . . I mean what the heck Richard Speck . . ." maybe not as good as Friedman's Ballad of). . . but them agin I'm not Jewish – yeah and what's all this noise mit da Jews anyhow, they got David Bromberg who thinks he can play his guitar better than the Nazi's could build V-2's, and there's Dylan, jeez, there's no real sense even talkin' bout him, and then there's – Sheeet, and did ya ever notice they all have those 'Boya, I wish I could be a rabbi too' bears – AND THEN THERE'S the ultimate Jew punk . . . a man whose soul is possessed of the supreme heavyness, angst (that's for the critics what like big words) of Moses, He's even heavier than Charlton Heston (*so's who ain't – Editor*), and he's got just as mcuh rock 'n' roll nuts as does Kim Fowley – whose *the* rock star of all times – and he's more important than anything "Hey; ya wanna buy an original song for a dime, swear ta god its concept of ESP records, and he's WILD MAN FISCHER.

Larry's fame came when ace fart-wart Frank Zappa picked him up offa the Sunset Strip where he's been selling songs on the corner for a dime "Hey, ya wanna buy an original song for a dime, swear da god its original" – never see those rich decadent rock bastards like Harrison, Gracia, or Zappa ever doin' that – plunked him in the crusty Bizarre Studios and compiled a two record set which literally laided Larry's life and soul onto wax and called it *An Evening With Wild Man Fischer*.

"My name is Larry and I'm not shy anymore, wanna be friends"

"Shit man, all those other guys need guitars. I don't need anything!"

And that's where most of Wild Man's importance lies, (as far as rock 'n' roll is concerned) its all a matter of body music, when ya fart ya make a musical note, when ya burp, when ya sneez, when ya piss, when ya scream, and what Larry's done is found his own personal O mind and crawled inside and made music, Larry's voice is his soul, and his madness and his beauty . . .

Even the illustratious Grand Vizer hisself is on Wild Man's record, Kim Fowley and Rodeny Bingenheimer lay out an introduction and prophesy as to Wild Man Fischer's place in it ALL which reeks of envy and jealousy as to Larry's purity:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and those who aren't sure. The glorious day in pop music has thusly arrived. It has been decreed that a Jewish mother shall give birth, shall have given bith too, well, anyway a Jewish kid is gonna make it big, man. It is now time for the beautiful people like Donovan, Mickey Rooney and one of the Beatles, to set aside because a growling savage has hurled himself from the precipice of the lavistine ledges of the Sunset Strip leaping out of the eating affair, a Jackass King storming through the petrols of the lanetary galaxy, at last we have an idol, we have Wild Man Fischer, who is gonna take us from the darkness and out of the fog and dampness, he's gonna take us into bruises and cuts and bandages, baby, and iodine. Wild Man Fischer is gonna get us back in the parking lot, hitting each other where we belong, no more love and flowers, because Wild Man Fischer is standing naked leading us up the ant hill of greatness after all, we teenagers need an idol, we pseudo-intellectuals of the high schools and Jr. colleges need an idol, we record producers need a new artist to imitate with our groups: WILD MAN FISCHER. Somewhere a girl has cut her throat and slit her ankles and the reason for her love death is: WILD MAN FISCHER . . .

Lester Bangs once said in a review of Deep Purple's *Machine Head* that "Lazy" was a great song because the lyrics were probably written in ten minutes and that most rock 'n' roll songs should be written that fast, so's I guess Lester must love Wild Man cause he creates his songs right on the spot, spontaneous and all that, but Fischer songs possess one quality which Deep Purple's don't, they make ya wanna laugh, they make ya happy, and there sure ain't much of that goin' round these days – especially in rock 'n' roll . . . Proctor, Bergman excluded and Cheech and Chong included, and I sure do miss Abbott and Costello) and that's why Fischer sells his songs for a dime, and he's even got one that's an underground classic thats so underground the Mole People are the only ones what boogie to it (just before they come up the tunnels to destroy humans . . .) and its a great song 'cause it breaches all generational, musical, and intellectual gaps – and I'm talkin' 'bout his song "Merry Go Round" a song with more spirit to it than the Invictas doin' "The Hump" .. .

"Come on let's go Merry Go- Merry Go- Merry Go Round
Boop, Boop, Boop
Merry Go, Merry Go, Merry Go Round
Boop, Boop, Boop
Merry Go, Merry Go, Merry Go Round
Boop, Boop, Boop
Me and you can go Merry Go Round
Its very easy, just go up and down . . ."

While "Merry Go Round" quickly became Larry's theme song, Larry's obvious talent for spontaneous songwriting is excellently shown on Side two of his record which is completely Larry and voice singing sans and idiotic Zappa overdub, pseudo-Varese nonsense, its just plain Wild Man Fischer. And this side displays all of Larry fischer – the rock 'n' roll star, the first song adroitly enough begins with Larry explaining to Frank (who's in the control booth) that his first song will be "Which Way Did the Freaks Go" an anti-Zappa Mothers song, of course . . .

"Which way did my girl go



Which way did she go
Which way did my girl go
Which way did she go
CORRECTION
Which way did the Freaks go
Which way did they go
I ask you Mr. Zappa
I ask you very clear
You didn't state it in you in your Freak Out album.
Which way the Freaks went."

Then Larry gives up his semi-classic "I'm Working for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics":

"I'm workin' for the Federal Bueau of Narcotics
Dum, Dun, Dum, Dun, Dum, Dun
My mother hates me
My sister depises me
My borther-in-law like to throw darts at me . . .

Federal Bureau of Narcotics
Federal Bureau of Narcotics

Johnson loves me
Regan adores me
Sandy Koufax's likes to throw fast balls at me . . ."

But the piece de resistence comes with his song/story "Jennifer Jones" and not since the Velvets "Murder Mystery" has anything like this been heard. A totally unaccompanied story of ultimate mass murder, this makes Kinky Friedman look like a pansified edition of Mickey Spillane, and it's proof positive that Larry is the best new rock 'n' roller around . . . wherever he is today. 'Jennifer Jones' is a surreal vision of 'the behind the scenes' action involved in and during blood and murder:

"Miss Jennifer Jone is lyin' dead on my porch
Miss Jennifer Jones –
'the story of this song starts out in Nebraska, I had a farm, a cow, a penguin and a negro slave.

"Miss Jennifer Jones is lyin' dead on my porch
Miss Jennifer jones –
'The next day a kid 'bout three foot five came around my house started throwin' avacadoes at my cow, carrots at my penguin, he threw a rotten tomato at my penguin – it was terrible, so I killed him, blood was coming out of his nose, it was coming out of everywhere, ooh, it was terrible . . .'

"Miss Jennifer Jones is lyin' dead on my porch
Miss Jennifer Jones –"
'So the very next day the Grandfather came, the Grandmother came, the Gandchildren came, aah they tried to kill me, so I started to shoot them, of they were lyin dead all over the place, so I told my slave to put them in the garage . . ."

"Miss Jennifer Jones is lyin dead on my porch
Miss Jennifer Jones –"
'Ooh, it was becomin' a terrible thing, the sherriff was coming around all all his deputies. I was killing everybody, oh, my garage looked like Hitler's Nazi camps, it was terrible, I killed everybody in the territory . . ."

"Miss Jennifer Jones is lyin' dead on my porch
Miss Jennifer jones –"
'So, lets get to the other half of the story – we talk about Jennifer Jones . . .'

So Larry goes on to describe Jennifer Jones a hooker who gets jilted, kills a guy, hates men, kills a lot of men, finally heads off into Larry's territoy, she gets there, can't find no people, finds Larry, finds the garage and . . . well you'll have to find out the ending for yourself, but its fantastic . . . this song could've been the classic of all time, but . . .

Larry's songs are varied and numerous, with intentions and retentions wnough to satisfy any abnormal – subnormal person. His first song, written at the teenage of 16 was 'The Taster' a supposed follow up to the "Twist" by Chubby Checkers, but nobody like it even after Larry changed its name to "The Twister" . . .

Larry's favorite singer was Paul Anka. He like Elvis and Johnny Tillitson and Ricky Nelson, but Paul Anka was his favorite!

"I had a better voice when I was 16. But I've been singin' songs every fuckin' day of my life for a dime, so my voice is hoarse, so I can't sing ballads anymore. AND I'M SORRY!!!!!!"

So if you really want to hear the true story of America's only native son rock 'n' roll star like no interviewer could ever get, try and find *An Evening With Wild Man Fischer* and learn how Larry's mother (she's pictured on the front cover with Larry, who's holding a very mean looking knife) had him committed twice because she didn't like the way he always sang in his room. Besides you just gotta hear 'Jennifer Jones" . . . WILD MAN FISCHER's the seventies answer to the eighties, or maybe the sixties answer to the twenties, or maybe five'll get ya ten. Buy him, love him, cause he ain't shy anymore . . .

Aladdin Sane **David Bowie (RCA)**

So what's this noise about glam-rock, glit-rock, Little Rock, Papa said yeah, Mama said who the hells been stealin' my makeup – "Son!" "Yes, Mother." "I want to kill you –" so come on, what's all this Dodo due about David Bowie anyhow?

Liberace's been into glitter for years, and what about Little Richard, so's just because the like of Slade (ever see their picture on the cover of the first album, punks, skinhead punks, now they dress funny and make a lot of money, just like all those jokes about Vic Tanny, yuk, yuk) and Alice, and now D. Bowie, personally I think Bowie was a lot cuter during his *Hunky Dory* period, that Lauren Bacall look can't be beat.

But Liberace was into mirror suits, mirror balls, and real honest to goodness threatre long before Bowie and his grease paint, (which is okay if you wanta see real makeup get a book from the library on JAPANESE theater, now *that's* makeup and stacked heels so high that if you farted on him he'd fall over, he also uses cages



like maybe he was in the audience when Arthur Brown was famous and thought that when Brown was lowered from the rafters with his head on fire it was kinda neat, 'Geez maybe someday I can be a rock n roll star and make like I'm from another planet too!!' I mean Liberace was there so long ago and he was good too, saw him in a tent once and he did "Impossible Dream" with his mirror suit and just when he was getting' into it all these mirror balls started flashin' and it was orgasmvision for the first time.

I mean Bowie might be okay as minor poet, with the likes of Jim Morrison and Patti Smith as major poets, but Mick Ronson's the only balls in this outfit. He's mean lookin' and knows how to do nasty things with his guitar. Bowie doesn't look mean (not anywhere near the mean-ness of Alan Ladd in *The Iron Mistres* the sotry of Jim Bowie, but that guy never wore makeup and he fought at the Alamo with John Wayne, 'bout the only thing David's had to fight is his way outa Max's) these days he looks like Marlene Dietrich after a long and unsuccessful bout with spspeed . . .

Aladdin Sane, shissh, its enough to make you want to puke. And when he does "Let's Spend the Night Togehter" I almost hadta eat the record just so's I could pass it and send the whole gooey chunky mess 'Melts in your mouth, not in your hands' back to RCA where it belongs, along side Lou Reed's last pile of Yak dreck.

Now I'm almost ready to perform this perversity 'cept it just so happens that there are at least three cuts on the album which could possibly pass as adequate rock 'n' roll songs . . .

'Panic in Detroit' isn't such a panic lyrically, a vacuous example of American Jungen politico a la late sixties. Real relevant lines like 'He looked a lot like Che Guevera. Drove a diesel van.' Bullshit! Nowadays everybody looks a lot like Jerry Gracia, and probably only remembers the smell of tear gas when he's going through some ole copies of his campus newspaper . . .

But musically it comes on like Elliot Ness gettin' the hots for Frank Nitti. And Mick Ronson's overdubbed one note guitar solo in the middle of all the raucousness is like the guitar break in Elvis's "Burning Love", that is, if Phil Spector had produced it while under the influence of Puma shit. This is the Stones song which was never recorded, too bad it hada be Bowie, but–

'Cracked Actor' comes next and reminds me of every movie I've ever seen with George Sanders in it. Which must mean it's okay cause I really liked George Sanders, along with Clifton Webb and Ronald Coleman.

And 'Jean Genie' is about Iggy and that's all you gotta know about it.

Bubbling under the hot three is 'Drive-In Saturday' which is far too intellectual for its own good, would let your son go to the drive-in with David, hmmmm 'His name was always Buddy.' And honorable mention goes to the song 'Aladdin Sane,' not that its a good song, as a matter of fact as a song it's embarassing, but 'cause its a good poem with one really fine line: 'Battlecries and Champagne just in time for sunrise.'

Besides if you really wanta know the truth Kim Fowley is really David Bowie, just get *International Heroes* 'cause its that lp Bowie should've made instead of 'Ziggy Stardust' and if you really want to be convinced listen to Kim's *Love is Alive and Well*. . .

–El Mono

The Golden Hits of Leslie Gore **(Mercury)**

My good pal the Lonely Dragster laid this platter on me in one of his fits of demetia along with some ranting and raving about how Lesley was really the precursor and formulator of heavy metal thinking and spirit. I had kinda forgotten all about Miss G., but this record, along with the Dragster's theory is certainly a viable one. I mean Lesley Gore was a real sickie!

Lesley's appearance in the *TAMI* show was really weird because she was on as long or longer than anybody else on the show, even the Stones, and everything from her stiletto heels to her slanteye makeup and blue eyeliner screams neuroses. Never had thought much about her songs when they came out and my contacts with rock 'n' rollin' females was about nil in '63 and '64, but Jesus, the attitudes that come across in her tunes are just about ten times as potentially psychotic as Iggy or Ozzie or anybody.

Lesley's *Golden Hits* has 'em all, ten golden gassers and only two throwaways which cover every single one of her hits, from "It's My Party" right through "Sunshine, Lollipops and Roses," and it's a real document. "It's My Party" establishes the Gore personality as Johnny walks off with Judy in the middle of Lesley's birthday shebang. "Why was he holding her hand when he's supposed to be mine?" Possession, ok, that's cool. "Judy's Turn to Cry" turns this right around with Lesley's other fave American pasttime, vengeance. Johnny gets up and smashes some guy in the face 'cause Lesley's kissing him, EVEN



THOUGH Johnny and Judy were kssing and that's what prompted Lesley to win her guy back. Nice happy melody and now Lesley is smilin' that mean smile 'cause maybe Judy'll go home and slit her wrists or hang herself.

"She's a Fool." Another good one, this time some gal is cheatin' on a real nice guy that L. wishes were hers. Admittedly, the other girl is a creep, and Lesley is right in hating her, but didja ever catch the last line in the song? "I know there is gonna come a day, he will tell her: 'Girl be on your way.' Maybe then he'll turn to me, then how happy I will be THAT she's a fool." Right on Lesley! "That's the Way Boys Are" is a Spectory song that finds Lesley being beat up (what would mama say if she knew?); "Sometimes he treats me rough and acts as though he doesn't care. Well I never tell him that he is bein' so unfair "Cause that's the way boys are." Get those whips out gang. Sado masochism is given another shot in the arm by "Maybe I know that he's been cheatin', maybe I know he's been untrue, but what can I do?" And the grand institution of self-delusion is on display here as well' "Deep down inside he loves me, Someday he'll settle down." Sure.

On "You Don't Own Me" Lesley turns around and tells Mister fancy pants to fuck off: "You don't own me/ don't say I can't go out with the other boys." The famous P.F. Sloan doctring so well expressed by the Turtles in "Let Me Be" (and who wouldn't let two fat turds like Volman and Kaylan let themselves be? Who would want 'em anyway?) is done up one better here 'cause it's a lot more fun hearing the girl telling the guy to fuck off on wax than the other way around.

"Look of Love" has Judy winning Johnny back again, and Lesley is crying again off in a corner, sufferin' away as well as ever while her old boyfriend gives that look of love to his new gal. Inferiority and all that.

It all comes to a head in "I don't Wanna Be a Loser," a non hit that shoulda been a single 'cause it coulda been an anthem for the whole teenage nation in '64. "I'll fight with all my might; kiss you and hold you tight until you say I'm right." Yeah, but if he don't want you, break his arm or bite him in the lips. That'll teach him.

Now as to why Lesley Gore faded into the netherworld, one only has to turn to her last two hits "Sunshine, Lollipops and Roses" and "All of my Life" to understand why. For gosh sake's, they're both normal dippity do smile songs with no undercurrent of violence or paranoia and Lesley couldn't hold her audience singing about how happy she was with her guy after she'd built up this incredible following of typical American psychos. And that's why Iggy and Black Sabbath and the rest of the down gang had to be born. To take care of all of these poor kids. Let's hear it for psychorock!

–Billy Altman

Beck, Bogert, Appice **(Epic)**

If anyone ever told me to go to hell I'd tell them, "If you like me so much, why don't you ask me for a beer and we could play Yoko Ono records at 78rpm?"

Fine! Then your mom can clean up the puke and we could chew Alka Seltzer and dance around in circles to drive away the evil spirits, which would be there in anycase. Right!

But then again we could also listen to the new Beck lp. I'm not saying you won't like this record, it probably won't like you, and it really wouldn't make you puke, maybe gag a little, but not blow your cookies completely. I'm just saying that the record won't like you. Cause Beck probably wouldn't like you either, but so what! But beware, Beck might eat you, as might the record, if you got lucky and got that close to it.

It's funny to think that while other artists at least go up or down, Beck still remains a solid example of mediocrity. Still hanging onto the same notes, as always, still keeping rich the legend of being an ex-Yardbird, now who ain't been an ex-Yardbird at one time or another, and good old Epic records, lets not forget them, and where's Mickey Most?

My initial response to the record was that Beck, Bogert and Appice should merge with West, Bruce and Laing and go on a benefit tour for death . . .

And 'sheet,' is they're gonna do "I'm So Proud" they could've asked Todd Rundgren along for the ride (now *A Wizard, a True Star* is really a record to listen to late at night, early in the morning, druck, stoned or sober). Bogert and Appice possess the soul of a Freddy and the Dreamers version of Frankie Laine's (remember him, he's great when you're gettin' drunk with your folks) 'I Understand.' Still they do bring out the possibilities of a whole new genre, which is actually upon us, just listen to a really bad AM station sometime, boring sould music done by boring honkies who always try



'To' hard. And for a little color they should listen to the Searchers or the McCoys doin' "Mother Don't Worry."

As far as being superstitious, well, is a bowl of Wheaties superstitious? (you know the Breakfast of Champions, come on name me one champion that's gonna eat Wheaties, his trainer would shit mini-bricks) NO!!

In "Lady" and "Black Cat Moan" they sound like the old Cream records where everybody comes off so doped up that they probably couldn't even lift their instruments let alone actually try and 'PLAY' them.

Actually a better title for this album could've been *Someday Never Comes* except that it was done by Creedance already, and they deserve it, after all they did think it up . . .

Geez, out of all this I just wish I could get a hold of those Beck, Bogert and Appice T-shirts, I'd only want one, cause then I could go to bars and impress everybody. But I guess most people would come up to me and ask me who Beck, Bogert and Appice were, and then I would have to fake it. "You never heard of Jeff Beck!! Wow!!!?

But I'd probably be a lot happier if I could get a Foghat T-shirt, at least it would be for a group I like . . .

–Jim Fernbacher

spinout

Strictly Prima **Louis Prima (Capital)**

I turned on the tube last week to watch *The Oscar* with Stephen Boyd for the twentieth time, it being one of my three all time favorite bad movies, the other two being *Ada* with Susan Hayward and the inevitable *Valley of the Dolls*, when who should pop up in an ad but fuckin' Louis Prima, in the tape flesh: "Hey, you wanna hear a Italian love song?" We gotta big a three recud set with sixtie of you favorites." Well, my blood ran cold, and THE VERY NEXT DAY I found this tasty bit of pastafazool at a flea market and I bartered till I got it for a quarter, and I couldn't be happier, even though this record doesn't have "Pizza and Beer" or "Banana Split for My Baby (a glass of cold water for me)" or the definitive "Ole Black Magic" that had me in a spell when I was knee high to a manicotti.

What it does have though is Louis and his band the Witnesses, led by ace tenor man Sam Butera. Recorded at the Sahara in Las Vegal, Prima races through a set that features a lot more trumpet than most other records and sure, he can only aboot four notes but who cares 'cause Keely the Dyke ain't nowhere on this lp so Louis gets to sing every song and the man is a Saint, lemme tell ya.

After breezing through standards "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" and "Judy", Louis hits paydirt with "Five Months, Two Weeks, Two Days" that his baby's been gone and as Butera and the boys spread that swing fever, Louis yells "I'm losin' my mind" and goes into an Italiano scat chorus of ooo's, aahh's and grunts that easily surpass Mick Jadestone and the Rolling Boulders doin' "Monkey Man" (just caught 'em on the Flintstones Comedy Hour. Did you know that Pebbles is a teen now and I get up every Saturday morning just to watch her strut her stuff with Bamm—Bamm. What a honey!).

Side one ends with Louis's most noteworthy contribution to the jazz field, "Sing Sing Sing (with a swing)" that you might remember in the Benny Goodman Story with Harry James doin' Louie's trumpet part 'cause Louie wouldn't be in the movie on account of the fact that Donna Reed was in it and who wants to be in a movie with her? If you don't know it from there, you're sure to have heard it being hummed by Bugs Bunny many a



time in alternate cartoons with "Singin' in the Bathtub," which Prima didn't write, but he coulda if he'd have wanted to.

Now side two has the big hit "Felicia No Capicia," here's my story/ she spent the whole week eating chicken cacciatore/ but when I said 'I'd like ta kiss ya — Felicia no capicia." Felicia, "half Sicialiano, half va—va—voom" spends all of Louie's money, but won't put out. "I tried to make her feel relaxee, it cost me $97 for the taxi." Then the famous Prima punchline: "She say Luigi, let's get married, and Luigi no capicie."

The more musical minded will find pleasure in Prima's primo renditions of such classics as "Moonglow" ("musta been Munglo") and "Bourbon Street Blues" ("The girls are the spiciest, the red beans the riceiest"), not to mention "Fee Fie Foo It's You, It's You It's You." So do Louis a favor and buy his collection of Enzo Stuarti and Jimmy Roselli and Mario Lanza and the rest of the Ezio Pinza fan club gang singing "That's Amore" and help a former king get back on his throne of tomatoes and olive oil. And if you don't like the records, you can rub 'em with garlic and eat them. That'll give ya some culture.

—Billy Altman

Irrlicht **Klaus Schulze (OHR)**

The question arose in 1967-68 on a universal level and has risen adain on a more regional and much more evoled level. Just how far out can it go?

You might recall the lead guitar for James Taylor saying in the Sweet Baby's cover story in *Time* a few years ago that the next stop would have been sacrificed on stage by fire but that's typical Amerikan regressive thinking.

Through a combination of commercial brainwashing and drug overdosing the Amerikan public and in most instances, the performers alike, have displayed about as much creativity the last 5 years as Jerry Gracia has inventiveness, i.e. naught. Let the dreck rest. There's better things elsewhere fortunately.

Like in Germany. A few of the better known groups like Amon Duul and Can have receieved minimal exposure over here on United Artists record, but what about those strange OHR imports? They're not cheap ($6 a throw) but the litoff attained makes up for any pocketbook deficiences. Far and away the two foremost advanced groups (not to mention consistency — 4 albums apiece) are Ash Ra Templ and Tangerine Dream. And even more to the point, one name in particular, Klaus Schulze, has appeared on the albums of both.

Although a distinct talent in a space band, it took his solo album *Irrlicht* to really prove what he was capable of accomplishing. Backed by a 27 piece orchestra that is primarily inaudible, Klaus controls things out front tackling a variety of keyboard instruments, most notably organ and synthesizer, and expanding upon the electronic possibilities of guitar, zitter and percussion.

Side one is the most interesting of the two, the twenty nine minutes intergalactic funeral sounding dirge, "Energy Rise — Energy Collapse." Beginning with an inoffensive orchestral flow that soon disappears into oblivion while the electronics gradually ascend into a fifteen minute space organ that eventually drones into a modulated carefully arranged and produced freakout that unfortunately comes to a close. This is the perfect number to take a nap by 'cause in all likelihood (especially if you use headphones) you'll wake up before the side's over and be in good shape to flip the record over and space out to the not as long yet much more subtle atonalities of side two which is written in German so I can't translate it.

Klaus Schulze's *Irrlicht* subtitled *Quadraphonic Symphony for Orchestra and Electronic Machinery* is a haunting probe into the dark tunnels of the subconscious perhaps most effective at 3 in the morning with all the lights doused. It's a trip you might well fear taking but won't regret after experiencing. It's a submergence of the self into the space of one's own now expanding imagination. The extraterrestial audio is provided. The visual aspect of it is yours as you envision it. Existence is elsewhere.

—Scott Fischer

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Wild One **The Guess Who (Pickwick)**

I'd been thinking of buying this album for years. It looked lame, though. I wasn't about to pay $1.47 for it, or even $0.87, because you know that sinking feeling when you get home and find out you've been had.

Then I got an airmail special delivery postcard from our editor here at *Punk Magazine*. "Can you give me 300 words on that Guess Who album. Need it fast — Altman." I dashed out, made it over to the neighborhood record shop, and began to plow through the junk bin. Holy moly . . . I found it! Ten cents!

Was I had? No! The first cut sucks, yeah. But the very next track, "Baby Feelin'," sounds like an honest to god outtake from the "Shakin' All Over" session! It's another Johnny Kidd song, too! Heavy echoed guitar, a genuinely neurotic vocal, and relentless rimshot drumming all make this one of the Guess Who's greatest songs ever.

The rest of the album proceeds about on par for these cheap packages — one good cut, two ok, and three terrible ones — until the last cut. "If You Don't Want Me." An ace fuzz riff leads into a breathy lead



vocal, the singer informing us how he's been crying, trying to forget you, and it sounds just like uh, uh, ah . . . Mark Lindsay!!!! Wait. No, it can't be. One look at the label reveals that this song was written by none other than Burton Cummings! This cut isn't the early (Chad Allen) Guess Who, but the pre—RCA Guess Who fronted by Cummings! Pure 1966 fuzzrock with Raiders consciousness to spare, this is a good one.

So what if it's all ancient archeology? I got two killer tracks for a dime, $1.27 from *Punk* for this review, and I'm satisfied.

— Wayne Davis

The Guess Who **(MGM)**

Wayne's right, of course. The Guess Who have numerous great obscurities on record all over the place (PICKWIKK, MGM, GOLDEN HOST, to name but a few). Having been personal friends with the group's manager Burt (no relation) Grossman for many years, I've had the opportunity to hear some of the unreleased ones as well: a brilliant 1964 surf jam with the High Numbers, the Big Sur acid-rock tapes with Woody ("King of the Surf") Guthrie, and their legendary raga duel with Hapshash & the Coloured Coat recorded live in Bombay, India.

The Guess Who has its share as well.* While the first side has the best cuts from their *SHAKIN' ALL OVER* album, Side Two focuses on the early Burton Cummings period. Starving, scoffling has—beens throughout 1966—68, they broght a fringhtening level of commitment to their recordings. Buried among four pretty, Buffalo Springfield—ish numbers, two of these classics are here.

The first is "Believe Me." An incredible song with spring guitar straight out of Mouse & The Traps, it shows that the Guess Who strongly influenced by their one gig with Mouse and the 13th Floor Elevators.

And second is "Clock On The Wall." The bass guitar riffs remind strongly of the 1965 Animals, but the song has a consciousness al its own. Burton Cummings stares at the clock. He stares some more. And some more. In a move stright out of "Lost My Mind" by the legendary L.A. Escalators ("See that clock/Look at Me/See that clock/Look at you"), he goes berserk! "Watching it every day, the hours and minutes ticking away. I'm not getting younger. It keeps on and on and on! I CAN'T STAND IT! IT NEVER STOPS FOR ANYTHING!"

Indeed, the Guess Who have always possessed a unique consciousness. At times it can be unnerving. I saw the group live at the Cow Palace last week, and after the closing number Burton Cummings whirled around and screamed at the audience:

"Fuck off, all you hippies! You think you're cool cause you got long hair and smoke pot. Well, WE SMOKE DOPE TOO! And we don't care! We don't care if you buy our records! We're not ashamed that we had hits! And we don't care that we haven't had a hit in two years! Godammit, I hope you all die in an earthquake on the way home tonight!"

It was a shocking display. Shocking in its arrogance towards the Guess Who's audience, and shocking in that this man, who I consider one of the truest artists in rock today, could use such poor grammar.

The Guess Who are at a critical juncture in their career. They need some hits, and they need to redefine their audience. It will be a difficult task for the simple reason that they don't have an audience. No one cares. Still, the Guess Who are true artists, and artists are nothing if not resourceful. They may come up with their followup to "Shakin' All Over" yet.

— Neil Marxus

*This album has been recently re—released in somewhat altered form as The History of the Guess Who.

Mr. Marxus, author of Grand Funk In Argentian *is currently working on a book on the history of pop music.*

The Dave Clark Five Instrumental Album **(Capitol)**

Here's one that even the most avid DC5 fan probably missed. I'm not sure, but I don't think this record ever came out in the States. I picked it up in Canada for a buck. Buying imports in Canada is a great way to beat the system 'cause you don't have to pay six dollars and the bargain bins have lotsa imports lyin' around too. But a Dave Clark INSTRUMENTAL album? I just had to check it out.

Side one of this record has, as the liner notes say; "the type of arrangements you would expect to hear on the best FM radio programmes." You said it brother. Muzak, muzak, muzak. But it's sheer dynamite of restrained musicianship as Dave and Mike and Dennis and Lenny and whatever the hell the other guy's name was get you into a super relaxed mood with some laid back understated classics like the opening track "Theme Without a Name." It's ten times as good as David Crosby's "Song With No Words" ("Tree with No Leaves . . . Car With No Muffler"), and it even has a girl chorus oooing and aahhing in the backround. The rest of the side sounds like Duane Eddy on downs, especially Lenny



Davidson's "Sweet Memories," which is followed by Mike Smith's "When I'm Alone," and though they're both the same exact song, it's a great song! The side ends with "Dum Dee Dee Dum," a little more uptempo than the other selections on side one, just to kind of prepare your ears for the onslaught on side two.

Back to the liner notes for guidance: "For your Go Go parties at home, just flip the record over and listen to the wild, rip roaring teen dance oriented compositions." What an understatement! Starting with "Ol' Sol," and rambling through such titles as "Dumping", "No Stopping," and "On the Move," the band shows it's stuff probably better than on all of their vocalized albums. A drag strip feel grips you like a hearst shifter as you wind down the pike with your six pack of beer, Dennis Payton and Lenny Davidson whipping out on sax and guitar and Mike Smith banging those 88's with a jazz oriented flair that'll make you think twice before you dismiss him again as a simple Farfisa fag. And his harmonica playing here is as good as any Stevie Wonder tune you could counter with.

Dave, of course, is not to be denied either. He has co-authored every track here except "Rumble" even though you can't tell there are drums on side one. But stomp out he does on "Dumping" and "No Stopping," and there sure ain't none as Dave's manic staccato beats and rolls push the band to a fever pitch that is simply unrelenting in its range and scope. And when Dave shouts out "Move On," on his big solo number, one can only control oneself for so long until you play it over and wait to hear the silver throat again. "On the Move" ends it all in a flourish that the Ventures probably dreamed they could have mustered when they needed it.

Play side one for your parents. They might even recognize some of the songs from their bank or restaurant muzak tape. And side two, well, what more can I say? You'll just have to take my word for it. Talk about the great Kinks album! This one the THE Dave Clark record. Take that Wayne Davis!

—Billy Altman

A Look Inside Joe South **(Capital)**

I always get Joe South confused with Tony Joe White, but not Joe Namath cause he wears white tennis shoes during the game, and why hasn't anyone noticed that beside all those songs about travelin' and cars, that one of the most important aspects about rock music and musicians is that its all directional.

Come on there's Leslie West, Linda East—man, and what about Jay North (he was okay but I really liked Luke Halprin — he was almost as good as Flipper) (and Sajid was better than Sabu who was actually Andy Kim) and what about 'Idlewild South' on Fillmore East and of course there's Joe South which is where we started out . . .

But confusin' Tony Joe White with Joe South ain't easy, but I do it anyhow, just like confusing French Dressing with Blue Cheese, 'cept I like Blue Cheese especially if its got a lot of chunks in it, and Tony Joe White's gotta a lot of chunks cause he did 'Poke Salad Anny' — or is that 'Annie' — but Joe South's like McDondals French Dressing, watery diahrrea on leaves.

Yeah, and who the hell does he thing he is anyway, Dylan, jeez his picture on the back cover shoew him off as 'yes I'm a Whimp, but ain't it neet', compared to Dylan (who's an ace wart — bird) anyway as he had hisself pictured on the back of *New Morings* you know that evil look sayin' 'I'm gonna grow up and be in a Sam Peckinpah movie' or Lennon's sibling snot shot, or maybe even Yoko's picture . . .

There he is on the back cover, all blown—up and grainy, wearin' his cowboy Dan country suit, holdin' a Goldstone acoustic guitar as tall as he is and he's lookin' out at ya with this 'Geez someday I'm gonna grow up and be Kris Kristofferson, or maybe even Rita Collidge . . . ' kinda look!

And on the front cover it turns out he's grown up into a bad plastic surgeons nightmare vision of Bobby Sherman, with this picture of orange and red skies, purple clouds, all implanted very artistically in his forehead, could this mean that thats what he's got for brains. Listen to the record and you'll find out!!!!

Lyrically he's about as sphereically obtuse as Bullwinkle and Rocky rappin' with Larry Lipfart ('Ahhh, your muther!!!!') . . . "If I made one mistake, you'll hear it on the news/Well I'm only human, and God knows I really paid my dues" I wonder just how many times how many people have have paid those all important dues, and I also wonder how much they are! If you join the American Legion you gotta pay dues, if you join the Masons you gotta pay dues so's ya can



wear those neat rings, and if you're Catholic you gotta plunk a buck in the plate as it passes by, either that or throw—up in it depending on just how drunk you might be from last linght's party.

Then he's got this song that's like Super — Stud vs. The Pussy What Ate Des Moines — real pansy Macho business — "If everyone who wants you tonight/Should, all of a sudden, drive by/They'd have too stop and form a line on the right/And me I wouldn't bother to try/But if you ever need yourself a good man/On whom you can depend/Then, if I can't be your all night lover/I want to be your all day friend" — well it sure ain't no Amboy Dukes (the gang, not the group) gang bangin' a whore and then tryin' to get their money back, then again Joe South ain't noting' like Ted Nugent, as a matter of fact Joe South's only kinda excitement must be watching Mac Davis's kid Scotty grow, Joe South's isjust plain ( ) .,, . !!!

— Son of El Mono

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ACCEPTABLE	Price	Dimensions [A]	Weight	Impedance [B]
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FAIRFAX FX300 (Fairfax Industries, Inc., East Newark, N.J.)	110	22x14x10¾	31½	8
MARANTZ IMPERIAL 5G (Marantz Co., Sun Valley, Calif.) Sun Valley, Calif.)	99	23x12x10¼	26	6
SCOTT S15 (H. H. Scott, Inc., Maynard, Mass.)	115	23½x11¾x9	25¼	6
ADVENT (Advent Corp., Cambridge, Mass.)	116	25¾x14¼x11½	38½	6
REALISTIC OPTIMUS 5 (Radio Shack Co., Fort Worth)	100	25x14x11½	32¼	8
DYNACO A35 (Dynaco, Inc., Philadelphia)	120	22½x12½x10	21¾	7

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